# THE DUKE OF MILLAINE

A Tragedy.

As it hath beene often acted by his Majesties Servants, at the *Black-Friers*.

*written by* PHILIP MASSINGER *Gent.*

BIBL. CANT.

LONDON,
Printed by *John Raworth* for *Edward Blackmore*, and are to be sold at his shop, at the signe of the *Angell* in *Pauls-Churchyard*. 1638.

# The Names of the Actors.

Ludovico Sforza, *a ſuppoſed Duke of Millaine.*
Signior Franciſco, *his eſpeciall favourite.*
Tiberio. } *two Lords of his counſell.*
Stephano. }
Peſcara, *a Marquoſse and friend to* Sforza.
Craccho, *a creature of* Mariana *ſiſter to* Sforza.

CHARLES, *the Emperour.*

Hernando. } *Captains to the Emperour.*
Medina. }
Marcelia, *the Dutches, wife to* Sforza.
Iſabella, *mother to* Sforza.
Mariana, *wife to* Franciſco, *ſiſter to* Sforza.
Eugenia, *ſiſter to* Franciſco.

2. Poſts.
A Beadle.
Waiters.
Mutes.

3289:81

The

# TO THE
# RIGHT HONORABLE,
## And much esteemed for her high Birth, but more admired for her Vertue, the Lady KATHERINE STANHOPE, Wife to PHILIP Lord STANHOPE, Baron of Shelford.

MADAM: *If I were not most assured that works of this nature, have found both patronage and protection, amongst the greatest Princes of* Italy, *and are at this day cherished by persons most eminent in our Kingdome, I should not presume to offer these my weak, and imperfect labours, at the altar of your favour. Let the example of others more knowing, and more experienced in this kinde (if my boldnesse offend) pleade my pardon, and the rather since there is no other means left me (my misfortunes having cast me on this course (to publish to the world (if it hold the least good opinion of me) that I am ever your Ladiships creature. Vouchsafe therefore, with the never failing clemency of your noble disposition, not to contemne the tender of his duty, who while he is, will ever be.*

An humble servant to your

Ladiship, and yours.

*Phillip Massinger.*

## Upon this Worke of his beloved friend, *the* AUTHOR.

I Am ſnapt already, and may go my way;
The *Poet-Critick's* come; I heare him ſay,
This *Youth's miſtooke*, *The Authors work's a Play.*

He could not miſſe it; he will ſtrait appeare
At ſuch a baite; 'Twas laid on purpoſe there
To take the *Vermine*, and I have him here.

Sirra, you will be nibling; a ſmall bit,
(A ſillable) when yo'are i'th hungry fit,
Will ſerve to ſtay the ſtomack of your wit.

*Foole*, *Knave*, what's worſe? for worſe cannot deprave thee.
And were the *Devill* now inſtantly to have thee,
Thou canſt not inſtance ſuch a worke to ſave thee.

'Mongſt all the *Ballets* which thou doſt compoſe,
And what thou ſtil'ſt thy *Poems*, ill as thoſe,
And voyd of Rime, and Reaſon, thy worſe *Proſe*.

Yet like a rude *Iack-ſauce* in *Poeſie*,
With thoughts unbleſt, and hand unmannerly,
Raviſhing branches from *Apollos* tree.

Thou mak'ſt a garland (for thy touch unfit)
And boldly deck'ſt thy pig-brain'd ſconce with it,
As if it were the *Supream-Head* of *wit*.

The blameleſſe *Muſes* bluſh; who not allow
That reverend *Order*, to each vulgar brow,
Whoſe ſinfull touch profanes the holy *Bough*.

Hence (ſhallow *Prophet*) and admire the ſtraine
Of thine owne *Pen*, or thy poore *Copeſmat's* vaine.
This *Piece* too curious is, for thy courſe braine.

Here *wit* (more fortunate) is joyn'd with *Art*,
And that moſt Sacred *Frenzie* beares a part
Infus'd by *Nature* in the *Poets* heart.

Here, may the *Puny-wits* themſelves direct,
Here, may the *wiſeſt* finde what to affect;
And *Kings* may learne their proper *Dialect*.

On then, deare friend, Thy *Pen* thy *Name* ſhall ſpread;
And ſhould'ſt thou write, while thou ſhalt not be read,
Thy *Muſe* muſt labour, when thy *Hand* is dead.

W. B.

*Graccho, Iovio, Giovanni, with flagons.*

*Gra* TAke every man his flagon: give the oath (kard,
To all you meet: I am this day, the State drun-
(I am sure against my will) And if you finde
A man at ten, that's sober, hee's a Traitor,
And in my name arrest him.

*Io.* Very good Sir:
But say he be a Sexton?

*Gra.* If the Bells,
Ring out of tune, as if the street were burning,
And he cry 'tis rare musicke; bid him sleep,
'Tis a signe he has took his liquor; And if you meet
An Officer preaching of sobriety,
Vnlesse he reade it in *Geneva* print,
Lay him by the heeles.

*Io.* But think you 'tis a fault
To be found sober?

*Gra.* It is Capitoll Treason,
Or if you mitigate it, Let such pay
Fourty crownes to the poore; But give a Pension
To all the Magistrates you finde singing Catches,
Or their wives dancing; For the Courtiers reeling,
And the Duke himselfe, (I dare not say distemperd,
But kind, and in his tottering chaire carousing)
They do the Country service. If you meet,
One that eats bread, a childe of Ignorance,
And bread up in the darknesse of no drinking,
Against his will you may initiate him,
In the true posture, though he die in the taking
His drench, it skills not: What's a private man (on.
For the publike honor? we have nought else to think
And so dear friends, Copartners in my travels
Drink hard, and let the health run through the City,

Vntill

Vntill it reele againe: and with me cry:
Long live the Dutches. *Enter Tiberio, Stephano.*

*Io.* Here are two Lords; what think you?
Shall we give the oath to them?

*Gra.* Fie, no: I know them,
You need not ſwear 'em; your Lord, by his pattent
Stands bound to take his Rouſe. Long live the Dutches.
*Exit Gra, Io.*

*Step.* The cauſe of this. But yeſterday the Court
Wore the ſad livery of diſtruſt, and feare;
No ſmile, not in a Buffon to be ſeen,
Or common Ieſter; The great Duke himſelfe,
Had ſorrow in his face: which, waited on
By his Mother, Siſter, and his faireſt Dutches,
Diſperſt a ſilent mourning through all *Millaine*:
As if ſome great blow had been given the State,
Or were at leaſt expected.

*Tib. Stephano,*
I know, as you are noble, you are honeſt,
And capable of ſecrets, of more weight,
Then now I ſhall deliver. If that *Sforza*,
The preſent Duke, (though his whole life hath been
But one continued pilgrimage, through dangers,
Affrights, and horrors: which, his fortune guided
By his ſtrong judgement, ſtill hath overcome)
Appears now ſhaken, it deſerves no wonder.
All that this youth hath laboured for: the harveſt
Sowen by his induſtry, ready to be reapt too,
Being now at the ſtake; And all his hopes confirm'd
Or loſt for ever.

*Step.* I know no ſuch hazard:
His guards are ſtrong, and ſure, his Coffers full,
The people well affected; And ſo wiſely (rages
His provident care hath wrought: that though war
In moſt parts of our Weſterne world, there is
No enemy neere us.

*Tib.* Dangers that we ſee
To threaten ruine, are with eaſe prevented:

But thoſe ſtrike deadly, that come unexpected;
The lightning is far off: yet ſoone as ſeen,
We may behold the terrible effects
That it produceth. But ile help your knowledge,
And make his cauſe of feare familiar to you.
The war ſo long continued between
The Emperour *Charles*, and *Francis* the French king,
Have intereſt'd in either cauſe, the moſt
Of the Italian Princes: Among which *Sforza*,
As one of greateſt power, was ſought by both,
But with aſſurance having one his friend,
The other liv'd his enemy.

*Step.* Tis true,
And 'twas a doubtfull choiſe.

*Tib.* But he, well knowing
And having too, (it ſeems) the Spaniſh pride,
Lent his aſſiſtance to the King of *France*:
Which hath ſo far iucenſt the Emperour,
That all his hopes and honours are imbarkt,
With his great Patrons fortune.

*Step.* Which ſtands faire,
For ought I yet can heare.

*Tib.* But ſhould it change,
The Duke's undone. They have drawn to the field
Two royall Armies, full of fiery youth,
Of equall ſpirit to dare, and power to do:
So neer entrencht, that 'tis beyond all hope,
Of humane counſell, they can ere be ſeverd,
Vntill it be determin'd by the ſword,
Who hath the better cauſe. For the ſucceſſe,
Concludes the victor innocent, and the vanquiſht
Moſt miſerably guilty. How uncertain
The fortune of the war is, children know;
And it being in ſuſpence, on whoſe faire tent
Wing'd victory will make her glorious ſtand;
You cannot blame the Duke though he appeare,
Perplext, and troubled.

*Step.* But why then,

In such a time when every knee should bend,
For the successe, and safety of his person,
Are these lowd triumphs? in my weak opinion,
They are unseasonable.

*Tib.* I judge so too;
But onely in the cause to be excus'd.
It is the Dutches birth-day: once a yere
Solemniz'd, with all pompe and ceremony:
In which, the Duke is not his own, but hers:
Nay, every day indeed, he is her creature,
For never man so doted; but to tell
The tenth part of his fondnesse, to a stranger,
Would argue me of fiction.

*Step.* Shee's indeed,
A Lady of most exquisite forme.

*Tib.* Shee knows it,
And how to prize it.

*Step.* I ne're heard her tainted,
In any point of honour.

*Tib.* On my life,
Shees constant to his bed, and well deserves
His largest favours. But when beauty is
Stampt on great women, great in birth, and fortune,
And blowne by flatterers greater then it is,
'Tis seldome unaccompanied with pride:
Nor is she that way free. Presuming on
The Dukes affection, and her own desert,
Shee beares her selfe with such a Majestie,
Looking with scorne on all, as things beneath her:
That *Sforsa's* mother, (that would loose no part
Of what was once her own:) Nor his faire sister,
(A Lady too acquainted with her worth,
Will brook it well; And howsoere, their hate,
Is smother'd for a time, Tis more then fear'd,
It will at length breake out.

*Step.* He, in whose power 'tis,
Turne all to the best.

*Tib.* Come, let us to the Court,

We

We there ſhall ſee all bravery, and coſt,
That Art can boaſt of. *Exeunt.*

*Step.* Ile beare you company.

*Enter Franciſco, Iſabella, Mariana,*

*Ma.* I will not goe, I ſcorne to be a ſpot
In her proud traine.

*Iſa.* Shall I, that am his mother,
Be ſo indulgent, as to wait on her,
That owes me duty?

*Fra.* Tis done to the Duke,
And not to her. And my ſweet wife remember,
And Madam, if you pleaſe, receive my counſell,
As *Sforza* is your ſonne, you may command him,
And as a ſiſter you may challenge from him,
A brothers love, and favour: But this granted,
Conſider hee's the Prince, and you his ſubjects,
And not to queſtion or contend with her,
Whom he is pleas'd to honour: Private men
Preferre their wives; and ſhall he being a Prince,
And bleſt with one that is the Paradiſe
Of ſweetneſſe, and of beauty, to whoſe charge,
The ſtock of womens goodneſſe is given up,
Not uſe her, like her ſelfe?

*Iſa.* You are ever forward,
To ſing her praiſes.

*Ma.* Others are as faire,
I am ſure as noble.

*Fra.* I detract from none,
In giving her, what's due. Were ſhe deform'd,
Yet being the Dutches, I ſtand bound to ſerve her;
But as ſhe is, to admire her. Never wife,
Met with a purer heat, her husbands fervour;
A happy paire, one in the other bleſt:
She confident in her ſelfe, hee's wholly hers,
And cannot ſeek for change; and he ſecure
That tis not in the power of man to tempt her.
And therefore, to conteſt with her that is
The ſtronger, and th' better part of him,
Is more then folly; You know him of a nature,
Not to be play'd with: and ſhould you forget

To obey him as your Prince, hee'le not remember,
The duty that he owes you.
*Isa.* Tis but truth:
Come cleere our browes, and let us to the banquet,
But not to serve his idoll.
*Ma.* I shall do,
What may become the sister of a Prince,
But will not stoope beneath it.
*Fra.* Yet be wise.
Sore not too high to fall, but stoop to rise. *Exeunt.*

*Enter three gentlemen setting forth a banquet.*

1. *G.* Quick, quick for loves sake, let the court put (on
Her choisest outside: Cost, and bravery
Be onely thought of.
2. *G.* All that may be had
To please the eye, the eare, taste, touch, or smell,
Are carefully provided.
3. *G.* Ther's a Masque,
Have you heard whats the invention?
1. *G.* No matter,
It is indeed for the Dutches honour:
And if it give her glorious attributes,
As the most faire, most vertuous, and the rest,
'Twill please the Duke. They come.
3. *G.* All is in order.

*Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Francisco, Sforza, Marcellia, Isabella, Mariana, attendants.*

*Sfo.* You are the mistris of the Feast, sit here.
O my soules comfort: And when *Sforza* bows
Thus low to doe you honour, let none think
The meanest service they can pay my love,
But as a faire addition to those titles,
They stand possest of: Let me glory in
My happinesse, and mighty Kings looke pale
With envie, while I triumph in mine owne.
O mother looke on her, sister admire her:
And since this present age yeilds not a woman
Worthy to be her second, borrow of
Times past: and let imagination helpe
Of those canonizd Ladies *Sparta* boasts of.

And, in her greatneſſe, *Rome* was proud to owe
To faſhion: and yet ſtill you muſt confeſſe,
The *Phenix* of perfection neue was ſeene,
But in my faire *Marcelia*.
*Fra.* Shee's indeed
The wonder of all times.
*Tib.* Your Excellence
(Though I confeſſe you give her but her owne)
Enforces her modeſty to the defence
Of a ſweet bluſh.
*Sfo.* It need not my *Marcelia*;
When I moſt ſtrive to praiſe thee, I appeare
A poore detracter: For thou art indeed
So perfect both in body, and in minde,
That, but to ſpeak the leaſt part to the height,
Would aſk an Angells tongue: and yet then end
In ſilent admiration.
*Iſab.* You ſtill court her,
As if ſhe were a Miſtris, not your Wife.
*Sfo.* A Miſtris mother? ſhe is more to me,
And every day deſerves more to be ſu'd to.
Such as are cloy'd with thoſe they have imbrac'd,
May think their wooing done: No right to me,
But is a Bridall one, where *Hymen* lights
His torches freſh, and new; And thoſe delights,
Which are not to be cloth'd in airy ſounds,
Injoy'd, beget deſires, as full of heat,
And Ioviall fervour, as when firſt I taſted
Her virgin fruit; Bleſt night, and be it numbred
Amongſt thoſe happy ones, in which a bleſſing
Was by the full conſent of all the Starres
Confer'd upon mankind.
*Marc.* My worthieſt Lord,
The onely object I behold with pleaſure:
My pride, my glory, in a word my all;
Beare witneſſe *Heaven*, that I eſteem my ſelf
In nothing worthy of the meaneſt praiſe
You can beſtow, unleſſe it be in this,
That in my heart I love, and honour you.
And but that it would ſmell of arrogance,

To ſpeak my ſtrong deſire, and zeal to ſerve you:
I then could ſay, theſe eyes yet never ſaw
The riſing Sun, but that my vows and prayers
Were ſent to Heaven, for the proſperity
And ſafety of my Lord; Nor have I ever
Had other ſtudy, but how to appeare
Worthy your favour; and that my imbraces
Might yeeld a fruitfull harveſt of content,
For all your noble travell, in the purchaſe
Of her, that's ſtill your ſervant; By theſe lips,
(Which pardon me that I preſume to kiſſe)
*Sfo.* Oh ſweet, forever ſwear.
*Marce.* I ne're will ſeek
Delight, but in your pleaſure: and deſire,
When you are ſeated with all earthly glories,
And age and honors make you fit for heaven,
That one Grave may receive us.
*Sfo.* Tis beleev'd,
Beleev'd, my bleſt one.
*Mari.* How ſhe winds her ſelfe
Into his Soul?
*Sfo.* Sit all: Let others feed
On thoſe groſſe Cates, while *Sforza* banquets with
Immortall Viands tane in at his eyes.
I could live ever thus. Command the Eunuch
To ſing the Ditty that I laſt compos'd,
In praiſe of my *Marcelia*. From whence? *E. Poſt.*
*Poſt.* From *Pavia*, my dread Lord.
*Sfo.* Speak, is all loſt?
*Poſt.* The Letter will informe you.
*Fran.* How his hand ſhakes,
As he receives it?
*Mari.* This is ſome allay To his hot paſſion.
*Sfo.* Though it bring death, i'le read it.

May it pleaſe your Excellence to underſtand, that the very houre I wrot this, I heard a bold defiance delivered by a Hera'd from the Emperour, which was cheerfully received by the king of France. The battells being ready to joyne, and the vantgard committed to my charge, inforces me to end abruptly.

*Your Highnes ſervant*, Ga'pero.

Ready

Ready to joyne, By this, then I am nothing,
Or my eſtate ſecure.
*Marc.* My Lord.
*Sfo.* To doubt,
Is worſe then to have loſt: And to deſpaire,
Is but to antidate theſe miſeries
That muſt fall on us. All my hopes depending
Vpon this battells fortune; In my ſoul
Methinks there ſhould be that imperious power,
By ſupernaturall, not uſuall means,
T'informe me what I am. The cauſe conſiderd,
Why ſhould *I* feare? The French are bold and ſtrong,
Their numbers full, and their counſells wiſe:
But then, the haughty Spaniard is all Fire,
Hot in his executions; Fortunate
*I*n his attempts; Married to victorie:
*I*, there it is that ſhakes me.
*Franc.* Excellent Lady:
This day was dedicated to your Honour:
One gale of your ſweet breath will eaſily
Diſperſe theſe Clouds: And, but your ſelf, ther's none
That dare ſpeak to him.
*Marc.* *I* will run the hazard.
My Lord?
*Sf.* Ha! Pardon me *Marcelia*, *I* am troubled;
And ſtand uncertain, whether *I* am Maſter
Of ought that's worth the owning.
*Marc.* *I* am yours Sir;
And *I* have heard you ſwear, *I* being ſafe,
There was no loſſe could move you. This day, Sir,
*I*s by your gift made mine: Can you revoke
A Grant made to *Marcelia*? Your *Marcelia*!
For whoſe love, nay, whoſe honour (gentle Sir)
All deep deſignes, and State affairs defer'd:
Be, as you purpos'd, merrie.
*Sfo.* Out of my ſight,
And all thoughts that may ſtrangle mirth forſake me.
Fall what can fall, *I* dare the worſt of Fate;
Though the foundation of the earth ſhould ſhrink,
The glorious eye of heaven loſe his ſplendor:

Supported thus, I'le ſtand upon the ruines,
And ſeek for new life here. Why are you ſad?
No other ſports? By heaven he's not my friend,
That weares one furrow in his face. I was told
There was a Maſque.

*Fran.* They wait your Highnes pleaſure,
And when you pleaſe to have it.

*Sfo.* Bid 'em enter:
Come, make me happy yet once again. I am rapt,
'Tis not to day, to morrow, or the next,
But all my dayes, and yeres ſhall be imploy'd
To do thee honour.

*Marc.* And my life to ſerve you. *A Horne.*

*Sfo.* Another Poſt? Go hang him, hang him I ſay,
I will not interrupt my preſent pleaſures,
Although his meſſage ſhould import my head:
Hang him, I ſay.

*Marc.* Nay, good Sir, I am pleas'd,
To grant a little intermiſſion to you;
Who knows, but he brings news, we wiſh to hear,
To heighten our delights.

*Sfo.* As wiſe as faire. *Ent. another Poſt.*
From *Gaſpero*?

*Poſt.* That was, my Lord.

*Sfo.* How, dead?

*Poſt.* With the delivery of this, and prayers
To guard your Excellence from certain dangers,
He ceaſt to be a Man.

*Sfo.* All that my feares
Could faſhion to me, or my enemies wiſh
Is falne upon me. Silence, that harſh muſick,
'Tis now unſeaſonable; A tolling Bell,
As a ſad Harbinger to tell me, that
This pamper'd lump of Fleſh, muſt feaſt the Worms.
'Tis fitter for me, I am ſick.

*Mar.* My Lord?

*Sfo.* Sick to the death, *Marcelia*, Remove (erd
Theſe ſignes of mirth, they were ominous, and but uſh-
Sorrow and Ruine.

*Marc.* Bleſſe us heaven!

*Isab.* My Sonne.

*Marc.* What ſuddain change is this?

*Sfo.* All leave the room;
Ile bear alone the burden of my grief,
And muſt admit no partner. I am yet
Your Prince, Wher's your obedience? Stay *Marcelia*
I cannot be ſo greedy of a ſorrow,
In which you muſt not ſhare.

*Marc.* And chearfully
I will ſuſtaine my part. Why look you pale?
Where is that wonted conſtancy, and courage,
That dar'd the worſt of Fortune? Where is *Sforza*?
To whom all dangers that fright common men,
Appear'd but Panicque terrors? Why do you eye me
With ſuch fixt looks? Love, Counſell, Duty, Service,
May flow from me, not danger.

*Sfo.* O *Marcelia*!
It is for thee I fear; For thee, thy *Sforza*
Shakes like a Coward; For my ſelfe, unmov'd;
I could have heard my troopes were cut in pieces,
My Generall ſlain; And he, on whom my hopes
Of Rule, of State, of Life, had their dependancy;
The King of France, my greateſt friend, made priſoner
To ſo proud enemies.

*Marc.* Then you have juſt cauſe
To ſhew you are a Man.

*Sfo.* All this were nothing,
Though I adde to it, that I am aſſur'd
For giving aid to this unfortunate King,
The Emperour incenſt, layes his command
On his victorious army, fleſh'd with ſpoile,
And bold of conqueſt, to march up againſt me,
And gaze on my Eſtates: Suppoſe that done too,
The City tane, the Kennels running blood,
The ranſackt Temples, falling on their Saints:
My Mother, in my ſight, toſt on their Pikes,
And Siſter raviſht: and my ſelfe bound faſt
In Chaines, to grace their triumph: Or what elſe,
An Enemies inſolence could load me with,
I would be *Sforza* ſtill; But when I think

That

That my *Marcelia* (to whom, all theſe
Are but as Atomes to the greateſt hill)
Muſt ſuffer in my cauſe: And for me ſuffer
All earthly torments; Nay, even thoſe the damn'd
Howl for in hell, are gentle ſtrokes, compar'd
To what *I* feel *Marcelia*.

*Marc.* Good Sir, have patience:
*I* can as well partake your adverſe fortune,
As I thus long have had an ample ſhare,
In your proſperity. Tis not in the power
Of fate to alter me: For while I am,
In ſpight of't, I am yours.

*Sfo.* But ſhould that will
To be ſo forct *Marcelia*? And I live
To ſee thoſe Eyes I prize above mine own,
Dart favours (though compell'd) upon another?
Or thoſe ſweet lips (yeelding immortall Nectar)
Be gently toucht by any but my ſelfe?
Think, think *Marcelia*, what a curſed thing
I were, beyond expreſſion.

*Marc.* Do not feed
Thoſe jealous thoughts; The onely bleſſing that
Heaven hath beſtow'd on us, more then on beaſts,
Is, that tis in our pleaſure when to die.
Beſides, were I now in anothers power,
There are ſo many wayes to let out life,
I would not live, for one ſhort minute his;
I was borne only yours, and I will die ſo.

*Sfo.* Angels reward the goodneſſe of this woman:
All I can pay is nothing. Why uncal'd for? *E. Franciſ.*

*Fran.* It is of weight, Sir, that makes me thus preſſe
Vpon your privacies. Your conſtant friend
The Marqueſſe of *Peſcara*, tyr'd with haſte,
Hath buſineſſe that concernes your life and fortunes,
And with ſpeed to impart.

*Sfo.* Wait on him hither; *Ex. Franciſ.*
And deareſt to thy Cloſet: Let thy prayers
Aſſiſt my counſells.

*Marc.* To ſpare imprecations
Againſt my ſelfe; without you I am nothing. *Exit Marc.*

*Sfor.*

*Sf.* The Marqueſſe of *Peſcara*; a great Souldier?
And though he ſerv'd upon the adverſe party,
Ever my conſtant friend.

*Enter Franciſco, Peſcara.*

*Fran.* Yonder he walks,
Full of ſad thoughts.

*Pesc.* Blame him not good *Franciſco*.
He hath much cauſe to grieve: Would I might end ſo,
And not adde this, to feare.

*Sf.* My deare *Peſcara*:
A miracle in theſe times, a friend and happy,
Cleaves to a falling fortune.

*Pesc.* If it were
As well in my weak power, in act to raiſe it,
As 'tis to beare a part of ſorrow with you;
You then ſhould have juſt cauſe to ſay, *Peſcara*
Look'd not upon your State, but on your Vertues.
When he made ſuit to be writ in the Liſt
Of thoſe you favour'd. But my haſt forbids
All complement. Thus then, Sir, to the purpoſe.
The cauſe that unattended brought me hither,
Was not to tell you of your loſſe, or danger;
For Fame hath many wings to bring ill tidings,
And I preſume you have heard it: But to give you ſuch,
Such friendly counſell, as perhaps may make
Your ſad diſaſter leſſe.

*Sf.* You are all goodneſſe,
And I give up my ſelfe to be diſpos'd of,
As in your wiſdome you think fit.

*Sf.* Thus then, Sir.
To hope you can hold out againſt the Emperour,
Were flattery in your ſelfe, to your undoing;
Therfore the ſafeſt courſe that you can take,
Is, to give up your ſelfe to his diſcretion,
Before you be compell'd. For reſt aſſur'd,
A voluntary yielding may find grace,
And will admit defence, at leaſt excuſe:
But ſhould you linger doubtfull, till his Powers
Have ſeis'd your Perſon, and Eſtates perforce,
You muſt expect extreames.

*Sf.* I understand you,
And I will put your counsell into act,
And speedily: I only will take order
For some domesticall affaires, that do
Concern me neerly, and with the next Sun
Ride with you; in the mean time, my best friend,
Pray take your rest.
*Pesc.* Indeed, I have travell'd hard,
And will imbrace your counsell.
*Sf.* With all care
Attend my noble friend. Stay you, *Francisco*,
You see how things stand with me?
*Fra.* To my grief:
And if the losse of my poore life could be
A Sacrifice to restore them, as they were,
I willingly would lay it down.
*Sf.* I think so;
For I have ever found you true, and thankfull,
Which makes me love the building I have rais'd,
In your advancement: And repent no grace
I have conferr'd upon you: And believe me,
Though now I should repeat my favours to you,
The Titles I have given you, and the means
Sutable to your honours, that I thought you
Worthy my Sister, and my Family,
And in my Dukedome made you next my self:
It is not to upbraid you: But to tell you
I find you are worthy of them in your love,
And service to me.
*Fran.* Sir, *I* am your Creature:
And any shape, that you would have me weare,
*I* gladly will put on.
*Sf.* Thus then, *Francisco*;
I now am to deliver to your trust
A weighty secret; Of so strange a nature,
And 'twill I know appeare so monstrous to you,
That you will tremble in the execution,
As much as I am tortur'd to command it:
For 'tis a deed so horrid, that but to heare it,
Would strike into a Ruffian flesh'd in murthers,

Or an obdurate Hang-man, ſoft compaſſion;
And yet *Franciſco* (of all Men the deareſt,
And from me moſt deſerving) ſuch my ſtate,
And ſtrange condition is, that thou alone
Muſt know the fatall ſervice, and perform it.
*Fran.* Theſe preparations, Sir, to work a ſtranger,
Or to one unacquainted with your bounties,
Might appeare uſefull: But to me, they are
Needleſſe impertinences: For I dare do
What ere you dare command.
*Sf.* But thou muſt ſweare it,
And put into thy Oath, all joyes, all torments
That fright the wicked, or confirm the good;
Not to conceal it only, that is nothing;
But whenſoe'r my will ſhall ſpeak, ſtrike now,
To fall upon't like Thunder.
*Fran.* Miniſter
The Oath, in any way, or form you pleaſe,
I ſtand reſolv'd to take it.
*Sf.* Thou muſt do then
What no malevolent Star will dare to look on,
It is ſo wicked: For which men will curſe thee,
For being the Inſtrument: and the bleſt Angells
Forſake me at my need, for being the author:
For 'tis a deed of Night, of Night *Franciſco*,
In which the memory of all good actions,
We can pretend to, ſhall be buried quick;
Or if we be remembred, it ſhall be
To fright poſterity by our example;
That have out-gone all preſidents of villains,
That were before us: and ſuch as ſucceed,
Though taught in hells black ſchool, ſhall ne'r come neere us.
Art thou not ſhaken yet?
*Fra.* I grant you move me:
But to a man confirm'd.
*Sf.* Ile try your temper:
What think you of my wife?
*Fran.* As a thing ſacred:
To whoſe faire Name, and memory, I pay gladly
Theſe ſignes of duty.

*Sf.* Is ſhe not the abſtract
Of all that's rare, or to be wiſh'd in Woman?
*Fran.* It were a kind of blaſphemy to diſpute it:
But to the purpoſe Sir.
*Sf.* Adde to her goodneſſe,
Her tenderneſſe of me, her care to pleaſe me,
Her unſuſpected chaſtity, ne're equall'd:
Her innocence, her honour: O I am loſt
In th'ocean of her vertues, and her graces,
When I think of them.
*Fran.* Now I find the end
Of all your conjurations: There's ſome ſervice
To be done for this ſweet Lady; If ſhe have enemies
That ſhe would have remov'd?
*Sf.* Alas *Franciſco*,
Her greateſt enemy is her greateſt lover,
Yet in that hatred, her idolater.
One ſmile of hers would make ſalvage tame;
One accent of that tongue would calm the Seas,
Though all the winds at once ſtrove there for Empire.
Yet I, for whom ſhe thinks all this too little,
Should miſcarry in this preſent journey,
(From whence it is all number to a cypher,
I ne'r return with honour) by thy hand
Muſt have her murthered.
*Fran.* Murther'd? She that loves ſo,
And ſo deſerves to be belov'd againe?
And I (who ſomtimes you were pleas'd to favour)
Pick'd out the inſtrument?
*Sf.* Do not flie off:
What is decreed can never be recall'd;
Tis more than love to her that marks her out,
A wiſh'd companion to me in both fortunes:
And ſtrong aſſurance of thy zealous faith,
That gives up to thy truſt a ſecret, that
Racks ſhould not have forc'd from me. O *Franciſco*!
There is no heaven without her; nor a hell,
Where ſhe recides. I ask from her but juſtice,
And what I wou'd have payd to her, had ſickneſſe,
Or any other accident divorc'd

Her purer ſoule from his unſpotted body.
The ſlaviſh Indian Princes when they die
Are cheerfully attended to the fire,
By the wife, and ſlave, that living they lov'd beſt,
To doe them ſervice in another world:
Nor will *I* be leſſe honour'd, that love more.
And therfore triſle not, but in thy looks
Expreſſe a ready purpoſe to perform
What *I* command, or by *Marcelia's* ſoule
This is thy lateſt minute.

*Fran.* Tis not feare
Of death, but love to you, makes me imbrace it;
But for mine own ſecurity, when 'tis done,
What warrant have *I*? If you pleaſe to ſigne one,
*I* ſhall, though with unwillingneſſe and horrour,
Perform your dreadfull charge.

*Sf.* *I* will *Franciſco*;
But ſtill remember, that a Princes ſecrets
Are balm, conceal'd: but poyſon, if diſcover'd.
*I* may come back; then this is but a triall,
To purchaſe thee, if it were poſſible,
A neerer place in my affection; but
I know thee honeſt.

*Fran.* Tis a Character
*I* will not part with.

*Sf.* *I* may live to reward it. *Exeunt.*

## Act. Secund. Scæn. Prim.

*Tiberio, Stephano.*

*Ste.* How, left the Court?

*Tib.* Without guard or retinue
Fitting a Prince.

*Ste.* No enemy neere to force him?
To leave his own ſtrengths, yet deliver up
Himſelfe, as twere in bonds, to the diſcretion
Of him that hates him? 'Tis beyond example:
You never heard the motives that induc'd him
To this ſtrange courſe?

*Tib.* No, thoſe are Cabinet councels,

And not to be communicated, but
To ſuch as are his owne, and ſure; Alas,
We fill up empty places, and in publick
Are taught to give our ſuffrages to that,
Which was before determin'd: And are ſafe ſo;
Signiour *Franciſco* (upon whom alone
His abſolute power is with all ſtrength conferr'd,
During his abſence) can with eaſe reſolve you.
To me they are Riddles.

*Steph.* Well, he ſhall not be,
My *Oedipus*, Ile rather dwell in darkneſſe.
But my good Lord *Tiberio*, This *Franciſco*
*Is* on the ſuddain ſtrangely rais'd.

*Tib.* O Sir,
He took the thriving courſe: He had a Siſter,
A faire one too; With whom (as it is rumour'd)
The Duke was too familiar; But ſhe caſt off,
(What promiſes ſoever paſt between them)
Vpon the ſight of this, forſook the Court,
And ſince was never ſeen; To ſmother this
(As Honours never faile to purchaſe ſilence)
*Franciſco* firſt was grac'd, and ſtep by ſtep
*Is* rais'd up to this height.

*Steph.* But how is his abſence born?

*Tib.* Sadly it ſeems
By the Dutcheſſe: For ſince he left the Court,
For the moſt part ſhe hath kept her private chamber,
No viſitants admitted; In the Church
She hath been ſeene to pay her pure devotions,
Seaſond with teares: And ſure her ſorrow's true,
Or deeply counterfeited; Pomp and State,
And bravery caſt off: And ſhe that lately
Rival'd *Poppæa* in her vari'd ſhapes,
Or the Ægyptian Queen; Now, widow-like,
*In* ſable colours (as her husbands dangers
Strangled in her the uſe of any pleaſure)
Mourns for his abſence.

*Steph* It becomes her Vertue,
And does confirm what was reported of her.

*Tib.* You take it right; But on the other ſide,

The darling of his Mother *Mariana*,
As there were an Antipathy between
Her, and the Dutcheſſe paſſions: and as
Sh'ad no dependance on her brothers fortune,
She ne'r appear'd ſo full of mirth.
*Step.* Tis ſtrange.
But ſee, her favorite; and accompany'd, *Enter Gracche with Fidlers.*
To your report.
*Grac.* You ſhall ſcrape, and Ile ſing,
A ſcurvie Ditty, to a ſcurvie tune,
Repine who dares.
*Fid.* But if we ſhould offend,
The Dutches having ſilenc'd us; and theſe Lords,
Stand by to heare us.
*Grac.* They in Name are Lords,
But I am one in power; And for the Dutches,
But yeſterday we were merry for her pleaſure,
We now'l be for my Ladies.
*Tib.* Signiour *Graccho*.
*Gra.* A poore man, Sir, a Servant to the Princeſſe:
But you, great Lords, and Counſellers of State,
Whom I ſtand bound to reverence.
*Tib.* Come, we know
You are a man in grace.
*Gra.* Fie, no: I grant,
I beare my fortunes patiently; Serve the Princeſſe,
And have ſucceſſe at all times to her cloſet,
Such is my impudence: when your grave Lordſhips
Are maſters of the modeſty, to attend
Three hours, nay ſomtimes foure; and then bid wait
Vpon her the next morning.
*Sie.* He derides us.
*Tib.* Pray you what newes is ſtirring? you know all.
*Gra.* Who, I? alas, I have no intelligence
At home, nor abroad: I only ſomtimes gueſſe
The change of times; I ſhould ask of your Lordſhips
Who are to keep their Honours, who to loſe 'em;
Who the Dutches ſmil'd on laſt, or on whom ſhe frown'd,
You only can reſolve me: we poore waiters
Deal (as you ſee) in mirth, and fooliſh fiddles:

It

It is our element, and could you tell me
What point of State 'tis, that I am commanded
To muſter up this muſick, on mine honeſty,
You ſhould much befriend me.
*Ste.* Sirra, you grow ſaucie.
*Tib.* And would be layd by the heeles.
*Grac.* Not by your Lordſhips.
Without a ſpeciall warrant; look to your own ſtakes;
Were I committed, here come thoſe would bale me:
Perhaps we might change places too.
*Tib.* The Princeſſe; *Ent. Iſabella, Mariana,*
We muſt be patient.
*Ste.* There's no contending.
*Tib.* See, the informing rogue.
*Ste.* That we ſhould ſtoop
To ſuch a Muſhrome.
*Mari.* Thou doſt miſtake; they durſt not
Vſe the leaſt word of ſcorn, although provok'd,
To any thing of mine. Goe, get you home,
And to your ſervants, friends, and flatterers, number
How many deſcents you are noble; Look to your wives too,
The ſmooth-chind Courtiers are abroad.
*Tib.* No way, to be a Free-man? *Ex. Tib. Steph.*
*Grac.* Your Excellence hath the beſt gift to diſpatch
Theſe Arras pictures of Nobility,
I ever read of.
*Mari.* I can ſpeak ſomtimes.
*Gra.* And cover ſo your bitter Pills, with ſweetnes
Of Princely language to forbid reply,
They are greedily ſwallow'd.
*Iſab.* But, the purpoſe Daughter,
That brings us hither: is it to beſtow
A viſit on this Woman? That, becauſe
She only would be thought truly to grieve
The abſence, and the dangers of my Son,
Proclames a generall ſadneſſe?
*Mari.* If to vexe her,
May be interpreted to do her honour,
She ſhall have many of 'em; Ile make uſe
Of my ſhort Raign: my Lord now governs all;

And

And ſhe ſhall know, that her Idolater,
My Brother, being not by, now to protect her,
I am her equall.
*Grac.* Of a little thing,
It is ſo full of Gall: a Devill of this ſize,
Should they run for a wager to be ſpiteſull,
Gets not a Horſ-head of her.
*Mari.* On her Birth-day
We were forc'd to be merry; and now ſhe's muſty
We muſt be ſad, on pain of her diſpleaſure;
We will, we will. This is her private Chamber,
Where like an Hypocrite, not a true Turtle,
She ſeems to mourn her abſent Mate, her Servants
Attending her like Mutes: But I'le ſpeak to her,
And in a high Key too, play any thing
That's light and loud enough but to torment her,
And we will have rare ſport. *Song.* *Marcelia above in black.*
*Iſab.* She frowns, as if
Her looks could fright us.
*Mari.* May it pleaſe your greatneſſe,
We heard that your late Phyſick hath not work'd,
And that breeds melancholly, as your Doctor tells us;
To purge which, we that are born your Highnes vaſſals
And are to play the fools to do you ſervice,
Preſent you with a fit of mirth: what think you
Of a new Antick?
*Iſab.* 'Twould ſhow rare in Ladies.
*Mari.* Being intended for ſo ſweet a creature,
Were ſhe but pleas'd to grace it.
*Iſab.* Fie, ſhe will,
Be it here ſo mean; ſhe's made of courteſie.
*Mari.* The Miſtris of all hearts; one ſmile I pray you
On your poore ſervants, or a Fidlers fee;
Comming from thoſe faire hands, though but a Ducat,
We will inſhrine it as a holy reliqne.
*Iſab.* 'Tis wormwood, and it works.
*Marc.* If I lay by
My feares, and griefs (in which you ſhould be ſharers)
If doting age could let you but remember,
You have a ſon; or frontleſſe impudence,

You are a ſiſter; and in making anſwer,
To what was moſt unfit for me to ſpeak,
Or me to heare: borrow of my juſt anger.
*Iſab.* A ſet ſpeech on my life.
*Mari.* Penn'd by her Chaplain.
*Marce.* Yes, it can ſpeak, without inſtruction ſpeak;
And tell your want of manners, that y'are rude,
And ſawcily rude, too.
*Grac.* Now the game begins.
*Marce.* You durſt not els on any hire, or hope,
(Remembring what I am, and whoſe I am)
Put on the deſperate boldneſſe, to diſturb
The leaſt of my retirements.
*Mari.* Note her now.
*Marce.* For both ſhall underſtand; though th'one preſume
Vpon the priviledge due to a Mother,
The Duke ſtands now on his own legs, and needs
No nurſe to lead him.
*Iſab.* How, a nurſe?
*Marce.* A dry one,
And uſeleſſe too: But I am mercifull,
And dotage ſignes your pardon.
*Iſab.* I defie thee,
Thee, and thy pardons, proud one.
*Marce.* For you, Puppet.
*Mari.* What of me? Pine-tree.
*Marce.* Little you are, I grant,
And have as little worth, but much leſſe wit,
You durſt not elſe, the Duke being wholly mine,
His power and honour mine, and the allegeance,
You owe him, as a ſubject, due to me.
*Mari.* To you?
*Marce.* To me: And therfore as a Vaſſall,
From this houre learn to ſerve me, or, you'l feele,
*I* muſt make uſe of my authority,
And as a Princeſſe puniſh it.
*Iſab.* A Princeſſe?
*Mari.* *I* had rather be a ſlave unto a Moore,
Than know thee for my equall.
*Iſab.* Scornfull thing,

Proud

Proud of a white face.

*Mari.* Let her but remember
The iſſue in her leg:

*Iſa.* The charge, ſhe puts
The State to, for Perfumes.

*Mari.* And, howſoere
She ſeems, when ſhe's made up; as ſhe's her ſelf,
She ſtinks above ground. O that I could reach you,
The little one you ſcorn ſo, with her nailes,
Would teare your painted face, and ſcratch thoſe eyes out.
Do but come down.

*Marc.* Were there no other way,
But leaping on thy neck, to break mine own,
Rather than be outbrav'd thus.

*Grac.* Forty Ducats
Vpon the little Hen; ſhe's of the kind,
And will not leave the Pit.

*Mari.* That it were lawfull
To meet her with a ponyard, and a piſtoll; *Ent. Marce. below.*
But theſe weak hands ſhall ſhew my ſpleen.

*Marc.* Where are you? You Modicum, you Dwarf.

*Mari.* Here, Gianteſſe, here. *Ent. Franciſco.*

*Fran.* A tumult in the Court? *Tib. Steph.*

*Mari.* Let her come on.

*Fran.* What wind hath rais'd this tempeſt?
Sever 'em, I command you. What's the cauſe?
Speak *Mariana.*

*Mari.* I am out of breath;
But we ſhall meet, we ſhall. And do you heare, Sir,
Or right me on this Monſter (ſhe's three foot
Too high for a woman) or here look to have
A quiet houre with me.

*Iſab.* If my Son were here,
And would endure this; May a Mothers curſe
Purſue, and overtake him.

*Fran.* O forbeare,
In me he's preſent, both in power and will;
And Madam, I much grieve, that in his abſence,
There ſhould ariſe the leaſt diſtaſt to move you:
It being his principall, nay only charge,

To have you in his abſence ſerv'd and honour'd,
As when himſelf performe'd the willing office.
*Mari.* This is fine, yfaith.
*Grac.* I wou'd I were well off.
*Franc.* And therfore beſeech you, Madam, frown not
(Till moſt unwittingly he hath deſerv'd it)
On your poore Servant; To your Excellence,
I ever was, and will be ſuch: and lay
The Dukes authority, truſted to me,
With willingneſſe at your feet.
*Mari.* O baſe.
*Iſab.* We are like to have an equall judge.
*Franc.* But ſhould I find
That you are touch'd in any point of honour,
Or that the leaſt neglect is falne upon you,
I then ſtand up a Prince.
*Fidl.* Without reward,
Pray you diſmiſſe us.
*Grac.* Would I were five leagues hence.
*Franc.* I will be partiall to none, not to my ſelf.
Be you but pleas'd to ſhew me my offence,
Or if you hold me in your good opinion,
Name thoſe that have offended you.
*Iſab.* I am one,
And I will juſtifie it.
*Mari.* Thou art a baſe fellow,
To take her part.
*Fran.* Remember, ſhe's the Dutches.
*Marc.* But us'd with more contempt, than if I were
A Peaſants Daughter; Bayted, and hooted at
Like to a common Strumpet: With loud noiſes
Forc'd from my prayers: and my private Chamber
(Which with all willingnes I would make my priſon,
During the abſence of my Lord) deny'd me.
But if he e'r return.
*Fran.* Were you an Actor
In this lewd Comedy?
*Mari.* I marry was I,
And will be one again.

*Isab.* I'le joyn with her,
Though you repine at it.
*Franc.* Think not then, I speak
(For I stand bound to honour, and to serve you)
But that the Duke, that lives in this great Lady,
For the contempt of him, in her, commands you
To be close Prisoners.
*Isa. Mari.* Prisoners?
*Franc.* Beare them hence.
This is your charge my Lord *Tiberio*,
And *Stephano*, this is yours.
*Marc.* I am not cruell,
But pleas'd they may have liberty.
*Isab.* Plea'd, with a mischief.
*Mari.* I'le rather live in any loathsome dungeon,
Than in a Paradise, at her intreaty:
And, for you upstart.
*Steph.* There is no contending.
*Tib.* What shall become of these?
*Fran.* See them well whipt,
As you will answer it.
*Tib.* Now Signior *Graccho*,
What's become of your greatnesse?
*Grac. I* preach patience,
And must endure my fortune. *Exe. omnes, prater Fra. & Marcel.*
*Fidl.* I was never yet
At such a hunts-up, nor was so rewarded.
*Fr.* Let them first know themselves, and how you are
To be serv'd and honour'd: which, when they confesse,
You may again receive them to your favour:
And then it will shew nobly.
*Marc.* With my thanks,
The Duke shall pay you his, if he return
To blesse us with his presence.
*Fra.* There is nothing
That can be added to your faire acceptance:
That is the prize, indeed; all else, are blanks,
And of no value. As in vertuous actions,
The undertaker finds a full reward,
Although conferr'd upon unthankfull men;

So, any ſervice done to ſo much ſweetneſſe,
( However dangerous, and ſubject to
An ill conſtruction) in your favour finds
A wiſh'd and glorious end.
*Marc.* From you, I take this
As loyall duty, but in any other,
It would appeare groſſe flattery.
*Franc.* Flattery, Madam?
You are ſo rare, and excellent in all things,
And rais'd ſo high upon a Rock of goodneſſe,
As that vice cannot reach you; who, but looks on
This Temple built by Nature to Perfection,
But muſt bow to it: and out of that zeal,
Not onely learne to adore it, but to love it.
*Marc.* Whither will this fellow?
*Franc.* Pardon therefore Madam,
If an exceſſe in me of humble duty,
Teach me to hope (and though it be not in
The power of Man to merit ſuch a bleſſing)
My piety (for it is more then love)
May find reward.
*Marc.* You have it in my thanks:
And on my hand, I am pleas'd that you ſhall take
A full poſſeſſion of it. But take heed,
That you fix here, and feed no hope beyond this;
If you do, 'twill prove fatall.
*Franc.* Be it death,
And death with torments, Tyrants ne'r found out;
Yet I muſt ſay I love you.
*Marc.* As a Subject,
And 'twill become you.
*Franc.* Farewell circumſtance:
And ſince you are not pleas'd to underſtand me,
But by a plaine and uſuall forme of ſpeech:
All ſuperſtitious reverence laid by,
I love you as a Man, and as a Man
I would enjoy you. Why do you ſtart, and fly me?
I am no monſter, and you but a Woman:
A Woman made to yeeld, and by example
Told it is lawfull; Favours of this nature,

Are

Are, in our age, no miracles in the greateſt:
And therfore Lady—

*Marce.* Keep off. O you Powers!
Libidinous Beaſt, and ad to that unthankfull
(A crime, which Creatures wanting reaſon, flie from)
Are all the Princely bounties, favours, honours,
Which with ſome prejudice to his own wiſdome)
Thy Lord, and Raiſer hath conferr'd upon thee,
In three daies abſence buried? Hath he made thee
(A thing obſcure, almoſt without a name)
The envie of great Fortunes? Have I grac'd thee,
Beyond thy rank? and entertain'd thee, as
A friend, and not a Servant? and is this,
This impudent attempt, to taint mine Honour,
The faire return of both our ventur'd favours?

*Fran.* Heare my excuſe.

*Marc.* The Devill may plead mercie,
And with as much aſſurance, as thou yield one.
Burns Luſt ſo hot in thee? Or, is thy pride
Grown up to ſuch a height, that, but a Princeſſe,
No woman can content thee? And ad to that,
His wife, and Princeſſe to whom thou art ty'd
In all the bonds of Duty? Read my life,
And find one act of mine ſo looſely carried,
That could invite a moſt ſelf-loving Foole,
Set of, with all that fortune could throw on him,
To the leaſt hope to find way to my favour:
And (what's the worſt mine enemies could wiſh me)
I'le be thy Strumpet.

*Fran.* Tis acknowledg'd Madam,
That your whole courſe of life hath been a pattern
For chaſt, and vertuous women; In your beauty
(Which I firſt ſaw, and lov'd) as a faire Chryſtall,
I read your heavenly mind, cleare and untainted;
And (while the Duke did prize you to your value
(Could it have been in Man to pay that Duty)
I well might envie him, but durſt not hope
To ſtop you in your full careere of goodneſſe:
But now I find, that he's fal'n from his fortune,
And (howſoever he would appeare doting)

Grown

Growne cold in his affection: I presume,
From his most barbarous neglect of you,
To offer my true service: Nor stand I bound,
To look back on the curtesies of him,
That, of all living Men, is most unthankfull.
*Marc.* Vnheard-of impudence!
*Fran.* Youle say I am modest,
When I have told the Story. Can he taxe me
(That have receiv'd some worldly trifles from him)
For being ingratefull? When, he that first tasted,
And hath so long enjoy'd your sweet embraces
(In which all blessings that our fraile condition
Is capable of, is wholly comprehended)
As cloy'd with happinesse, contemns the giver
Of his felicity? And, as he reach'd not
The master-piece of mischief, which he aimes at,
Vnlesse he pay those favours he stands bound to,
With fell and deadly hate? You think he loves you,
With unexampled fervour: Nay, dotes on you,
As there were something in you more then woman:
When on my knowledge he long hath wisht,
You were among the dead: And I, you scorne so,
Perhaps am your preserver.
*Marc.* Blesse me good Angels,
Or I am blasted. Lies, so false, and wicked
And fashion'd to so damnable a purpose,
Cannot be spoken by a humane tongue.
My husband, hate me? Give thy selfe the lie,
False, and accurst; Thy soul (if thou hast any)
Can witnesse, never Lady stood so bound,
To the unfain'd affection of her Lord,
As I do to my *Sforza*. If thou would'st work
Vpon my weak credulity, Tell me rather,
That the Earth moves, The Sun and Stars stand still;
The Ocean keeps not Floods, nor Ebbs; Or that
Ther's peace between the Lion and the Lambe;
Or that the ravenous Eagle and the Dove
Keep in one Ayery, and bring up their young;
Or any thing that is averse to nature,
And I will sooner credit it, than that

My Lord can think of me, but as a Iewell,
He loves more than himself, and all the world.
*Fran.* O innocence, abus'd! Simplicity couſen'd!
It were a ſin, for which we have no name,
To keep you longer in this wilfull errour.
Read his affection here; And then obſerve
How deare he holds you; Tis his Character,
Which cunning yet could never counterfeit.
*Marce.* Tis his hand, I am reſolv'd of't.
I'le try what the Inſcription is.
*Fran.* Pray you do ſo.
*Mar.* You know my pleaſure, and the houre of *Marcelias* death, which faile not to execute, as you will anſwer the contrarie, not with your Head alone, but with the ruine of your whole Familie. And this written with mine owne Hand, and Signed with my privie Signet, ſhall bee your ſufficient warrant. *Ludovico Sforza.*
I do obey it, every word's a Ponyard,
And reaches to my Heart. *She ſwoons.*
*Fran.* What have *I* done?
Madam, for Heavens ſake, Madam. O my Fate!
I'le bend her body: This is yet ſome pleaſure,
I'le kiſſe her into a new life. Deare Lady:
She ſtirres: For the Dukes ſake, for *Sforza's* ſake.
*Marc. Sforza's?* ſtand off: Though dead, *I* will be his,
And even my aſhes ſhall abhorre the touch
Of any other. O unkind, and cruell.
Learn women, learn to truſt one another;
There is no faith in Man: *Sforza* is falſe,
Falſe to *Marcelia.*
*Franc.* But I am true,
And live to make you happy. All the pomp,
State, and obſervance you had being his,
Compar'd to what you ſhall enjoy, when mine,
Shall be no more remembred. Loſe his memory;
And look with chearfull beams on your new Creature,
And know what he hath plotted for your good,
Fate cannot alter. If the Emperour
Take not his life, at his return he dies,
And by my hand: My wife that is his Heire,

Shall quickly follow; Then we Raigne alone,
For with this arme I'le ſwim through ſeas of blood,
Or make a bridge, arch'd with the bones of Men,
But I will graſp my aimes in you my deareſt,
Deareſt, and beſt of women.

*Marc.* Thou art a Villain:
All attributes of arch-villains made into one,
Cannot expreſſe thee. I preferre the hate
Of *Sforza*, though it mark me for the Grave,
Before thy baſe affection. I am yet
Pure, and unſpotted, in my true love to him;
Nor ſhall it be corrupted, though he's tainted;
Nor will I part with innocence, becauſe
He is found guilty. For thy ſelf, thou art
A thing, that equall with the Devill himſelf,
I do deteſt and ſcorn.

*Fran.* Thou then art nothing:
Thy life is in my power, diſdainfull woman:
Think on't, and tremble.

*Marc.* No, though thou wert now
To play thy hang-mans part. Thou well maiſt be
My Executioner, and art only fit
For ſuch imployment; But nere hope to have
The leaſt grace from me. I will never ſee thee,
But as the ſhame of Men; So with my curſes
Of horrour to thy Conſcience in this life;
And pains in hell hereafter: I ſpit at thee,
And making haſt to make my peace with heaven,
Expect thee as my hang-man. *Ex. Marc.*

*Fra.* I am loſt,
In the diſcovery of this fatall ſecret.
Curs'd hope that flatter'd me, that wrongs could make her
A ſtranger to her goodneſſe; All my plots
Turn back upon my ſelf; But I am in,
And muſt goe on: And ſince I have put off
From the Shoare of Innocence, Guilt be thou my Pilot.
Revenge firſt wrought me, Murther's his Twin-brother,
One deadly Sin then help to cure another.

Actus

## Act. Ter. Scæn. Prim.

*Enter Medina, Hernando, Alphonso.*

*Med.* The ſpoil, the ſpoil, 'tis that the ſouldier fights for;
Our victory as yet affords us nothing,
But wounds, and empty honour. We have paſt
The hazard of a dreadfull day, and forc'd
A paſſage with our ſwords through all the dangers,
That Page-like wait on the ſucceſſe of warre:
And now we expect reward.

*Her.* Hell put it in
The enemies mind to be deſperate, and hold out:
Yeeldings, and compoſitions will undoe us;
And what is that way given, for the moſt part,
Comes to the Emperours Coffers, to defray
The charge of the great action (as 'tis rumour'd)
When uſually, ſome Thing in Grace (that nere heard
The Canons roaring Tongue, but at a triumph)
Puts in, and for his interceſſion ſhares
All that we fought for: The poore ſouldier left
To ſtarve, or fill up Hoſpitall's.

*Al.* But when
We enter towns by force, and carve our ſelves
Pleaſure with pillage, and the richeſt wines
Open our ſhrunk veins, and poure into 'em
New blood, and fervor.

*Med.* I long to be at it;
To ſee theſe Chuffs, that every day may ſpend
A ſouldiers entertainment for a yeare,
Yet make a third meal of a bunch of Rayſons;
Theſe Spunges that ſuck up a Kingdomes fat
Batning their *Scarabes* in the dung of peace)
To be ſquees'd out by the rough hand of warre;
And all that their whole lives have heap'd together,
By couſnage, perjury, or ſordid thrift,
With one gripe to be raviſh'd.

*Her.* I would be towſing
Their faire *Madona's*, that in little dogs,
Monkies, and Paraquito's conſume thouſands;
Yet for th'advancement of a noble action,

Repine to part with a poore piece of Eight:
Wars plagues upon 'em: I have ſeen 'em ſtop
Their ſcornfull noſes firſt, then ſeem to ſwone
At ſight of a Buffe-jerkin, if it were not
Perfum'd, and hid with gold: Yet theſe nice wantons
(Spurd on by Luſt, cover'd in ſome diſguiſe,
To meet ſome rough Court Stallion, and be leap'd)
Durſt enter into any common Brothell,
Though all varieties of ſtinke contend there;
Yet praiſe the entertainment.

*Med.* I may live,
To ſee the tatter'edſt Raskals of my troope,
Drag 'em out of their cloſets with a vengeance:
When neither threatning, flattering, kneeling, howling
Can ranſome one poore jewell, or redeem
Themſelves from their blunt woing.

*Her.* My maine hope is,
To begin the ſport at *Millaine*: Ther's enough,
And of all kinds of pleaſure we can wiſh for,
To ſatisfie the moſt covetous.

*Alph.* Every day
We look for a remove.

*Med.* For *Lodowick Sforza*
The Duke of *Millaine*, I, on mine owne knowledge,
Can ſay thus much; He is too much a Souldier,
Too confident of his owne worth, too rich too;
And underſtands too well, the Emperour hates him,
To hope for compoſition.

*Alph.* On my life,
We need not feare his comming in.

*Her.* On mine,
I do not wiſh it: I had rather that
To ſhew his valour, hee'd put us to the trouble
To fetch him in by the Eares. *Med.* The Emperor.

*Enter Charles the Emperor, Peſcara, &c. Attendants.*

*Charl.* You make me wonder (Nay it is no counſell,
You may partake it Gentlemen) who would have thought,
That he that ſcorn'd our profer'd amity,
When he was ſued to, ſhould, ere he be ſummon'd,
(Whether perſwaded to it by baſe feare,

Or flatter'd by falſe hope, which 'tis uncertaine)
Firſt kneel for mercy?

*Med.* When your Majeſty,
Shall pleaſe to inſtruct us, who it is, we may
Admire it with you.

*Charl.* Who but the Duke of *Millaine*,
The right hand of the French: Of all that ſtand
In our diſpleaſure, whom neceſſity
Compels to ſeek our favour, I would have ſworne
*Sforza* had been the laſt.

*Her.* And ſhould be writ ſo,
In the Liſt of thoſe you pardon. Would his City
Had rather held us out a Siege like *Troy*,
Then by a fain'd ſubmiſſion, he ſhould cheat you
Of a juſt revenge; Or us, of thoſe faire glories
We have ſweat blood to purchaſe.

*Med.* With your honour
You cannot heare him.

*Alph.* The ſack alone of *Millaine*
Will pay the army.

*Charl.* I am not ſo weak,
To be wrought on as you feare; nor ignorant
That money is the ſinew of the Warre;
And what terms ſoever he ſeek peace,
'Tis in our power to grant it, or deny it.
Yet for our glory, and to ſhew him that
We have brought him on his knees; it is reſolv'd
To heare him as a Suppliant. Bring him in;
But let him ſee the effects of our juſt anger,
In the Guard that you make for him. *Ex. Piſcara.*

*Hern.* I am now
Familiar with the iſſue (all plagues on it)
He will appeare in ſome dejected habit,
His countenance ſutable; and for his order,
A rope about his neck; then kneel, and tell
Old ſtories, what a worthy thing it is
To have power, and not to uſe it; then adde to that
A tale of King *Tigranes*, and great *Pompey*,
Who ſaid (forſooth, and wiſely) 'Twas more honour
To make a King, then kill one: which, applied

To the Emperour, and himſelf, a Pardons granted
To him an Enemy; and we his ſervants,
Condemn'd to beggery.
*Med.* Yonder he comes, *Ent. Sforza.*
But not as you expected.
*Alph.* He looks, as if
He would out-face his dangers.
*Hern.* I am couſen'd:
A ſuitor in the Devils name. *Med.* Hear him ſpeak.
*Sfor.* I come not (Emperor) to invade thy mercy,
By fawning on thy fortune; nor bring with me
Excuſes, or denials. I profeſſe
(And with a good mans confidence, even this inſtant,
That I am in thy power) I was thine enemy;
Thy deadly and vow'd enemy; One that wiſht
Confuſion to thy Perſon and Eſtates;
And with my utmoſt powers, and deepeſt counſels
(Had they been truly followed) further'd it:
Nor will I now, although my neck were under
The Hang-mans axe, with one poore ſillable
Confeſſe, but that I honour'd the French King,
More then thy ſelfe, and all men.
*Med.* By Saint *Iaques*,
This is no flattery.
*Her.* There is fire and ſpirit in't;
But not long liv'd, I hope.
*Sfo.* Now give me leave,
(My hate againſt thy ſelfe, and love to him
Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reaſons
That made me ſo affected. In my wants
I ever found him faithfull; had ſupplies
Of men and monies from him; and my hopes
Quite ſunk, were by his Grace bouy'd up againe:
He was indeed to me, as my good Angel,
To guard me from all dangers. I dare ſpeak
(Nay muſt and will) his praiſe now, in as high
And loud a key, as when he was thy equall.
The benefits he ſow'd in me, met not
Vnthankfull ground, but yeelded him his own
With faire increaſe, and I ſtill glory in it.

And

And though my fortunes (poore compar'd to his,
And *Millain* weigh'd with *France*, appears as nothing)
Are in thy fury burnt: Let it be mentioned,
They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
The solemne flame at this great funerall:
And with them I will gladly waste my selfe,
Rather then undergo the imputation,
Of being base or unthankfull. *Alp.* Nobly spoken.
*Her.* I do begin, I know not why, to hate him
Lesse then I did.
*Sfor.* If that then to be gratefull
For curtesies receiv'd; or not to leave
A friend in his necessities, be a crime
Amongst you Spaniards (which other Nations
That like your aim'd at Empire, lov'd, and cherisht
Where e're they found it) *Sforza* brings his head
To pay the forfeit: Nor come I as a slave,
Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squallid weed,
Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling
For a forestall'd remission; that were poore,
And would but shame thy victory: For conquest
Over base foes, is a captivity,
And not a triumph. I nere fear'd to die,
More then I wisht to live, When I had reach'd
My ends in being a Duke, I wore these robes,
This Crown upon my head, and to my side
This Sword was girt; and witnesse truth, that now
'Tis in anothers power when I shall part
With them and life together, I am the same,
My Veines then did not swell with pride; nor now
They shrinke for feare: Know Sir, that *Sforza* stands
Prepar'd for either fortune.
*Her.* As I live,
I do begin strangely to love this fellow;
And could part with three quarters of my share
In the promis'd spoile, to save him.
*Sfo.* But if example
Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
Titles, and glories are now mixt with yours;
As Brooks devour'd by Rivers, loose their names)

Has power to invite you to make him a friend,
That hath given evident proof, he knowes to love,
And to be thankfull; This my Crown, now yours,
You may restore me; And in me instruct
These brave Commanders (should your fortune change,
Which now I wish not) what they may expect
From noble enemies for being faithfull.
The charges of the warre I will defray,
And what you may (not without hazard force,
Bring freely to you: I'le prevent the cries
Of murthered infants, and of ravisht Maids,
Which in a City sack'd call on Heavens justice,
And stop the course of glorious victories.
And when I know the Captains and the Souldiers
That have in the late battell done best service,
And are to be rewarded; I, my self
According to their quality and merits)
Will see them largely recompenc'd. I have said,
And now expect my sentence.

*Alph.* By this light,
Tis a brave Gentleman.

*Med.* How like a block
The Emperour sits?

*Her.* He hath deliver'd reasons,
Especially in his purpose to enrich
Such as fought bravely (I my self am one,
I care not who knowes it) as I wonder, that
He can be so stupid. Now he begins to stirre,
Mercie an't be thy will.

*Charl.* Thou hast so farre
Outgone my expectation, noble *Sforza*,
(For such I hold thee) and true constancie,
Rais'd on a brave foundation, bears such palm,
And privi'edge with it; that where we behold it,
Though in an enemy, it does command us
To love and honour it. By my future hopes,
I am glad for thy sake, that in seeking favour,
Thou didst not borrow of vice her indirect,
Crooked, and abject means: and for mine own,
(That since my purposes must now be chang'd

Touching thy life and fortunes) the world cannot
Taxe me of levity in my ſetled counceills;
I being neither wrought by tempting bribes,
Nor ſervile flattery; but forc'd unto it,
By a faire war of vertue. *Hern.* This ſounds well.
*Charl.* All former paſſages of hate be buried;
For thus with open arms I meet thy love,
And as a friend imbrace it: and ſo farre
I am from robbing thee of the leaſt honour,
That with my hands, to make it ſit the faſter,
*I* ſet thy Crown once more upon thy head:
And do not only ſtile thee Duke of *Millain*,
But vow to keep thee ſo: Yet not to take
From others, to give only to my ſelf,
*I* will not hinder your magnificence
To my Commanders, neither will *I* urge it,
But in that, as in all things els, *I* leave you
To be your own diſpoſer. *Floriſh. Ex. Charl.*
*Sf.* May *I* live
To ſeale my loyalty, though with loſſe of life,
*In* ſome brave ſervice worthy *Cæſars* favour,
And *I* ſhall die moſt happy. Gentlemen,
Receive me to your loves, and if henceforth
There can ariſe a difference between us,
*It* ſhall be in a noble emulation,
Who hath the faireſt ſword, or dare go fartheſt
To fight for *Charles* the Emperour.
*Hern.* We imbrace you,
As one well read in all the points of honour,
And there we are your ſchollers.
*Sf.* True, but ſuch
As farre out-ſtrip the Maſter; we'l contend
*In* love hereafter, in the mean time pray you,
Let me diſcharge my debt, and as in earneſt
Of whats to come, divide this Cabinet:
*In* the ſmall body of it there are jewells,
Will yeild a hundred thouſand Piſtolets,
Which honour me to receive.
*Med.* You bind us to you.
*Sf.* And when great *Charles* commands me to his preſence,

If you will pleaſe to excuſe my abrupt departure,
Deſignes that moſt concern me, next this mercie,
Calling me home, I ſhall hereafter meet you,
And gratifie the favour.

*Her.* In this and all things we are your ſervants.

*Sf.* A name I ever owe you. *Ex. Med. Her. Alph.*

*Peſc.* So, Sir, this tempeſt is well over-blown,
And all things fall out to our wiſhes. But
In my opinion, this quick return,
Before you have made a party in the Court
Among the great ones (for theſe needy Captains
Have little power in peace) may beget danger,
At leaſt ſuſpicion.

*Sf.* Where true honour lives,
Doubt hath no being, *I* deſire no pawn
Beyond an Emperours word for my aſſurance:
Beſides, *Peſcara*, to thy ſelf of all men
*I* will confeſſe my weakneſſe, though my State
And Crown's reſtored me, though *I* am in grace,
And that a little ſtay might be a ſtep
To greater honours, *I* muſt hence. Alas,
*I* live not here, my wife, my wife *Peſcara*,
Being abſent *I* am dead. Prethee excuſe,
And do not chide for friendſhip ſake my fondneſſe,
But ride along with me, *I*'le give you reaſons,
And ſtrong ones, to plead for me.

*Peſc.* Vie your own pleaſure,
*I*'le beare you company.

*Sf.* Farewell grief, *I* am ſtor'd with
Two bleſſings moſt deſir'd in humane life,
A conſtant friend, an unſuſpected wife.

## Act. Ter. Scæ. Secunda.

*Enter Graccho, Officer.*

*Offic.* What *I* did, *I* had warrant for; you have taſted
My office gently, and for thoſe ſoft ſtrokes,
Flea-bitings to the jerks *I* could have lent you,
There does belong a feeling.

*Grac.* Muſt *I* pay
For being tormented and diſhonour'd?

*Off.*

*Off.* Fie no,
Your honour's not impair'd in't: What's the letting out
Of a little corrupt bloud, and the next way too?
There is no Chirurgion like me to take off
A Courtiers itch that's rampant at great Ladies,
Or turns knave for preferment, or growes proud
Of their rich Clokes, or Sutes, though got by brokage,
And so forgets his betters.
*Grac.* Very good Sir,
But *I* am the first man of quality,
That ere came under your fingers?
*Off.* Not by a thousand,
And they have said *I* have a lucky hand too,
Both men and women of all sorts have bow'd
Vnder this Sceptre. *I* have had a fellow
That could indite forsooth, and make fine meeter
To tinckle in the eares of ignorant Madams,
That for defaming of great men was sent me
Thredbare and lousie, and in three daies after
Discharged by another that set him on, I have seen him
Cap a pegallant, and his stripes wash'd off
With oile of Angells. *Grac.* Twas a soveraign cure.
*Off.* There was a Secretary too, that would not be
Conformable to Orders of the Church,
Nor yeild to any argument of reason,
But still rail at authority, brought to me,
When I had worm'd his tongue, and trust his hanches,
Grew a fine Pulpet man, and was benefic'd.
Had not he cause to thank me?
*Grac.* There was physick
Was to the purpose.
*Off.* Now for women,
For your more consolation I could tell you
Twenty fine stories, but Ile end in one,
And tis the last that's memorable.
*Grac.* Prethee do,
For I grow weary of thee.
*Off.* There was lately
A fine she waiter in the Court, that doted
Extreamly of a Gentleman, that had

His maine dependance on a Signiors favour
(I will not name) but could not compaſſe him
On any tearms. This wanton at dead midnight
Was found at the exerciſe behind the Arras
With the 'foreſaid Signior; he got cleare off,
But ſhe was ſeiz'd on, and to ſave his honour,
Indur'd the laſh: and though I made her often
Curvet and caper, ſhe would never tell
Who play'd at puſh-pin with her.

*Grac.* But what follow'd?
Prethee be brief.

*Off.* Why this Sir, She delivered,
Had ſtore of Crowns aſſign'd her by her patron,
Who fore'd the Gentleman to ſave her credit,
To marry her, and ſay he was the party
Found in Lobs pound. So, ſhe that before gladly
Would have bin his whore, raigns o're him as his wife,
Nor dares he grumble at it. Speak but truth then,
Is not my Office luckie?

*Grac.* Goe, ther's for thee,
But what will be my fortune?

*Off.* If you thrive not
After that ſoft correction, come again.

*Grac.* I thank you knave.

*Off.* And then knave, I will fit you. *Ex. Officer.*

*Grac.* Whipt like a Rogue? no lighter puniſhment ſtrive
To ballance with a little mirth: 'tis well,
My credit ſunk for ever, I am now
Fit company, onely for Pages and for Foot-boyes,
That have perus'd the Porters Lodge. *Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *G.* See *Inlio*,
Yond'er the proud ſlave is, how he looks now
After his caſtigation?

2 *G.* As he came
From a cloſe fight at Sea under the Hatches,
With a ſhe Dunkerk, that was ſhot before
Between winde and weather,
And he hath ſprung a Leak too, or I 'me couſen'd.

1 *G.* Let's be merry with him.

*Grac.* How they ſtare at me? am I turn'd to an Owle?

The

The wonder Gentlemen?

2 *G.* I read this morning
Strange ſtories of the paſſive fortitude
Of men in former ages, which I thought
Impoſsible, and not to be beleev'd.
But now I look on you, my wonder ceaſes.

*Grac.* The reaſon Sir?

2 *G.* Why Sir you have been whipt
Whipt Signior *Graccho*: and the whip I take it,
Is to a Gentleman, the greateſt tryall
That may be of his patience.

*Grac.* Sir, I'le call you
To a ſtrickt account for this.

2 *G.* I'le not deale with you,
Vnleſſe I have a Beadle for my ſecond,
And then i'le anſwer you.

1 *G.* Farewell poore *Graccho.* *Ex. Gent.*

*Grac.* Better and better ſtill; if ever wrongs
Could teach a wretch to find the way to vengance,
Hell now inſpire me. How, the Lord Protector! *Ent. Franc.*
My Iudge I thanke him. Whither thus in private? *and ſervant*
I will not ſee him.

*Fran.* If I am ſought for,
Say I am indiſpos'd, and will not heare
Of Suits, or Suitors.

*Ser.* But Sir, if the Princeſſe
Enquire, what ſhall I anſwere?

*Franc.* Say, I am rid
Abroad to take the ayre, but by no means
Let her know I am in Court.

*Ser.* So I ſhall tell her. *Exit ſervant.*

*Franc.* Within there, Ladies. *Enter a Gentlewoman.*

*Gent.* My good Lord, your pleaſure?

*Fran.* Prethee let me beg thy favour for acceſſe
To the Dutches

*Gent.* In good ſooth my Lord, I dare not,
She's very private.

*Franc.* Come ther's gold to buy thee
A new gowne, and a rich one. *This will tempt me.*

*Gent.* I once ſwore

If e're I loſt my maiden-head, it ſhould be
With a great Lord as you are, and I know not how,
I feele a yeelding inclination in me,
If you have appetite.

*Fran.* Pox on thy maiden-head,
Where is thy Lady?

*Gent.* If you venter on her,
Shee's walking in the Gallery, perhaps
You will finde her leſſe tractable. *Fra.* Bring me to her.

*Gent.* I fear you'l have cold entertainement, when
You are at your journeys end, and 'twere diſcretion
To take a ſnatch by the way.

*Fran.* Prethee leave fooling,
My Page waits in the Lobby, give him ſweet meats,
He is train'd up for his Maſters eaſe,
And he will coole thee. *Ex. Fran. and Gentlw.*

*Grac.* A brave diſcovery beyond my hope,
A plot even offer'd to my hand to worke on,
If I am dull now, may I live and die
The ſcorne of wormes and ſlaves; let me conſider,
My Lady and her mother firſt committed
In the favour of the Dutches, and I whipt,
That, with an iron pen is writ in braſſe
On my tough heart, now grown a harder mettall,
And all his brib'd approaches to the Dutches
To be conceal'd, good, good: this to my Lady,
Deliver'd as i'le order it, runs her mad.
But this may prove but Courtſhip, let it be,
I care not ſo it feed her jealouſie. *Exit.*

## Act. Ter. Scæn. Ter.

*Enter Marcelia, Franciſco.*

*Marc.* Beleeve thy teares or oaths? Can it be hop'd,
After a practiſe ſo abhorr'd and horred,
Repentance e're can find thee?

*Fran.* Deare Lady,
Great in your fortune, greater in your goodneſſe,
Make a ſuperlative of excellence,
In being greateſt in your ſaving mercy.
I do confeſſe, humbly confeſſe my fault,

To be beyond all pity; my attempt,
So barbarously rude, that it would turne
A Saint-like patience, into sauage fury:
But you that are all innocence and vertue,
No spleen nor anger in you of a woman,
But when a holy zeal to piety fires you,
May, if you please, impute the fault to love,
Or call it beastly lust, for 'tis no better.
A sin, a monstrous sin, yet with it, many
That did prove good men after, have been tempted;
And though I am crooked now, 'tis in your powre
To make me straight againe.

*Marc.* Is't possible
This can be cunning?

*Franc.* But if no submission,
Nor prayers can appease you, that you may know,
'Tis not the fear of death makes me sue thus,
But a loath'd detestation of my madnesse,
Which makes me wish to live to have your pardon;
I will not wait the sentence of the Duke
(Since his returne is doubtfull) but I my selfe
Will do a fearefull justice on my selfe,
No witnesse by but you, there being no more
When I offended: yet before I do it,
For I perceive in you no signes of mercy,
I will disclose a secret, which dying with me,
May prove your ruine.

*Marc.* Speak it, it will take from
The burthen of thy conscience.

*Fran.* Thus then Madam,
The warrant by my Lord sign'd for your death,
Was but conditionall, but you must sweare
By your unspotted trueth, not to reveale it,
Or I end here abruptly.

*Marc.* By my hopes
Of joyes hereafter; on

*Fran.* Nor was it hate
That forc'd him to it, but excesse of love,
And if I e're returne, so said great *Sforza*,
No living man deserving to enjoy

My

My beſt *Marcelia*. With the firſt newes
That I am dead, for no man after me
Might e're enjoy her, but till certain proof
Aſſure thee I am loſt (theſe were his words) —*Faile not*
Obſerve and honour her as if the ſeale *to kill her.*
Of womans goodneſſe only dwelt in hers.
This truſt I have abus'd, and baſely wrong'd,
And if the excelling pity of your mind
Cannot forgive it, as I dare not hope it,
Rather than look on my offended Lord,
I ſtand reſolv'd to puniſh it.

*Marce.* Hold, tis forgiven,
And by me freely pard'ned. In thy faire life
Hereafter ſtudy to deſerve this bounty
With thy true penitence (ſuch I believe it)
Againſt my reſolution hath forc'd from me,
But that my Lord, my *Sforza* ſhould eſteem
My life fit only as a Page, to wait on
The various courſe of his uncertain fortunes,
Or cheriſh in himſelf that ſenſuall hope
In death to know me as a wife, afflicts me,
Nor does his envie leſſe deſerve mine anger,
Which though ſuch is my love, I would not nouriſh,
Will ſlack the ardor that I had to ſee him
Return in ſafety.

*Franc.* But if your entertainment
Should give the leaſt ground to his jealouſie,
To raiſe up an opinion I am falſe,
You then deſtroy your mercie. Therfore Madam
(Though I ſhall ever look on you, as on
My lives preſerver, and the miracle
Of humane pitty) would you but vouchſafe,
In company to do me thoſe faire graces,
And favours which your innocencie and honour
May ſafely warrant, it would to the Duke
(I being to your beſt ſelf alone known guilty)
Make me appeare moſt innocent.

*Marce.* Have your wiſhes,
And ſomthing I may do to try his temper,
At leaſt to make him know his conſtant wife

Is not ſo ſlav'd to her husbands doting humours,
But that ſhe may deſerve to live a widow,
Her fate appointing it.
*Fran.* It is enough. *Shout and*
Nay all I could deſire, and will make way *Flouriſh.*
To my revenge, which ſhall diſperſe it ſelf
On him on her, and all. *Ent. Tiberio,*
*Marc.* What ſhout is that? *& Stephano.*
*Tib.* All happineſſe to the Dutcheſſe, that may flow
From the Dukes new and wiſh'd return.
*Marc.* He's welcome.
*Steph.* How coldly ſhe receives it?
*Tib.* Obſerve their encounter. *Flouriſh.*
*Enter Sforza, Peſcara, Iſabella, Mariana, Gracchus, & the reſt.*
*Mar.* What you have told me *Graccho*, is believ'd,
And I'le find time to ſtirre in't.
*Grac.* As you ſee cauſe,
I will not do ill offices.
*Sf.* I have ſtood
Silent thus long *Marcelia*, expecting
When with more than a greedy haſt thou wouldſt
Have flown into my armes, and on my lips
Have printed a deep welcome. My deſire
To gaſe my ſelf in theſe faire eyes, hath born me
With more than humane ſpeed. Nor durſt I ſtay
In any Temple, or to any Saint
To pay my vowes and thanks for my return,
Till I had ſeen thee.
*Marc.* Sir, I am moſt happy
To look upon you ſafe, and would expreſſe
My love and duty in a modeſt faſhion,
Such as might ſute with the behaviour
Of one that knowes her ſelf a wife, and how
To temper her deſires, not like a wanton
Fir'd with hot appetite, nor can it wrong me
To love diſcreetly.
*Sf.* How, why can there be
A mean in your affections to *Sforza*?
Or any act though nere ſo looſe, that may
Invite or heighten appetite, appeare

Immodeſt or uncomly. Do not move me,
My paſſions to you are in extreames,
And know no bounds, come kiſſe me.
*Marc.* I obey you.
*Sf.* By all the joyes of love, ſhe does ſalute me,
As if I were her Grand-father. What witch,
With curſed ſpells hath quench'd the amorous heat
That lived upon theſe lips? Tell me *Marcelia*,
And truely tell me, is't a fault of mine
That hath begot this coldneſſe, or neglect
Of others in my abſence?
*Marc.* Neither Sir,
I ſtand indebted to your Subſtitute,
Noble and good *Franceſco*, for his care,
And faire obſervance of me: There was nothing,
With which you being preſent could ſupply me,
That I dare ſay *I* wanted. *Sf.* How!
*Mar.* The pleaſures
That ſacred *Hymen* warrants us excepted,
Of which in troth you are too great a doter,
And there is more of beaſt in it than man.
Let us love temperately, things violent laſt not,
And too much dotage rather argues folly,
Than true affection.
*Grac.* Obſerve but this,
And how ſhe prais'd my Lords care and obſervance,
And then judge Madam if my intelligence
Have any ground of truth.
*Mari.* No more, I mark it.
*Step.* How the Duke ſtands?
*Tib.* As he were rooted there,
And had no motion.
*Peſc.* My Lord, from whence
Growes this amazement;
*Sf.* It is more deare my friend,
For I am doubtfull whether I have a being,
But certain that my life's a burthen to me.
Take me back good *Peſcara*, ſhow me to *Caſar*
In all his rage and fury, I diſclaim
His mercie, to live now, which is his gift,

*Is* worſe than death, and with all ſtudied torments.
*Marcelia* is unkind, nay worſe, grown cold
In her affection, my acceſſe of fervour,
Which it was never equall'd, grown diſtaſtfull.
But have thy wiſhes woman, thou ſhalt know
That I can be my ſelf, and thus ſhake off
The fetters of fond dotage. From my ſight
Without reply, for I am apt to do
Somthing I may repent. O, who would place
His happineſſe in moſt accurſed woman,
In whom obſequiouſneſſe ingenders pride,
And harſhneſſe deadly. From this houre
Ile labour to forget there are ſuch creatures;
True friends be now my miſtreſſes. Cleere your browes,
And though my heart-ſtrings crack for't, I will be
To all a free example of delight:
We will have ſports of all kinds, and propound
Rewards to ſuch as can produce us new.
Vnſatisfy'd though we ſurfet in their ſtore.
And never think on curs'd *Marcelia* more. *Ex.*

## Act. Quart. Scæn. Prim.

*Enter Franciſco, Graccho.*

*Fran.* And is it poſſible thou ſhould'ſt forget
A wrong of ſuch a nature, and then ſtudy
My ſafety and content?
*Grac.* Sir, but allow me
Onely to have read the elements of Courtſhip
(Not the abſtruce and hidden acts to thrive there)
And you may pleaſe to grant me ſo much knowledge,
That injuries from one in grace like you,
Are noble favours. *Is* it not grown common
In every ſect for thoſe that want, to ſuffer
From ſuch as have to give? Your Captain caſt
If poore, though not thought daring, but approv'd ſo
To raiſe a coward into name, that's rich,
Suffers diſgraces publickly, but receives
Rewards for them in private.
*Franc.* Well obſerv'd.
Put on, we'l be familiar, and diſcourſe

A little of this argument. That day,
In which it was firſt rumourd, then confirm'd,
Great *Sforza* thought me worthy of his favour,
I found my ſelfe to be another thing,
Not what I was before. I paſſed then
For a pretty fellow, and of pretty parts too,
And was perhaps receiv'd ſo; but once rais'd,
The liberall Courtier made me Maſter of
Thoſe vertues, which I nere knew in my ſelf.
If I pretended to a jeſt, 'twas made one
By their interpretation. If I offer'd
To reaſon Philoſophy, though abſurdly,
They had helps to ſave me, and without a bluſh
Would ſweare, that I by nature had more knowledge,
Than others could acquire by any labour.
Nay all I did indeed, which in another
Was not remarkable, in me ſhew'd rarely.

*Grac.* But then they taſted of your bounty.

*Fran.* True,
The gave me thoſe good parts I was not born to,
And by my interceſſion they got that,
Which (had I croſs'd them) they durſt not have hop'd for.

*Grac.* All this is Oracle. And ſhall I then,
For a fooliſh whipping leave to honour him,
That holds the wheele of Fortune? No, that favors
Too much of th'ancient freedome; Since great men
Receive diſgraces, and give thanks, poore knaves
Muſt have nor ſpleen, nor anger. Though I love
My limbs as well as any man, if you had now
A humour to kick me lame into an office,
Where I might ſit in State, and undoe others,
Stood I not bound to kiſſe the foot that did it?
Though it ſeem ſtrange, there hath been ſuch things ſeen
In the memory of man.

*Franc.* But to the purpoſe,
And then, that ſervice done, make thine own fortunes.
My wife, thou ſaiſt, is jealous, I am too
Familiar with the Dutcheſſe.

*Grac.* And incens'd
For her commitment in her brothers abſence,

And by her Mothers anger is ſpurr'd on
To make diſcovery of it. This her purpoſe
Was truſted to my charge, which I declin'd
As much as in me lay, but finding her
Determinately bent to undertake it,
Though breaking my faith to her may deſtroy
My credit with your Lordſhip, I yet thought,
Though at my perill, I ſtood bound to reveale it.

*Fran.* I thank thy care, and will deſerve this ſecret,
In making thee acquainted with a greater,
And of more moment. Come into my boſome,
And take it from me. Canſt thou think dull *Graccho*,
My power and honours were conferr'd upon me,
And ad to them this forme, to have my pleaſures
Confin'd and limited? I delight in change,
And ſweet variety, that's my heaven on earth,
For which I love life only. I confeſſe,
My wife pleas'd me a day, the Dutches, two,
(And yet I muſt not ſay, I have enjoy'd her)
But now *I* care for neither. Therfore *Graccho*,
So farre *I* am from ſtopping *Mariana*
In making her complaint, that I deſire thee
To urge her to it.

*Grac.* That may prove your ruine,
The Duke already being, as 'tis reported,
Doubtfull ſhe hath play'd falſe.

*Fran.* There thou art couſen'd,
His dotage like an ague keeps his courſe,
And now 'tis ſtrongly on him. But *I* loſe time,
And therfore know, whether thou wilt or no,
Thou art to be my inſtrument, and in ſpight
Of the old ſawe, that ſaies it is not ſafe,
On any termes to truſt a man that's wrong'd,
*I* dare thee to be falſe.

*Grac* This is a language
My Lord, *I* underſtand not.

*Fran.* You thought, ſirrah,
To put a trick on me for the relation
Of what *I* knew before, and having wonne
Some weighty ſecret from me in revenge

To play the traytor. Know thou wretched thing,
By my command thou wert whipt, and every day
I'le have thee freshly tortur'd, if thou misse
In the least charge that I impose upon thee,
Though what I speak, for the most part is true.
Nay, grant thou hadst a thousand witnesses
To be depos'd they heard it, 'tis in me
With one word (such is *Sforza's* confidence
Of my fidelity not to be shaken)
To make all void, and ruine my accusers.
Therfore look to't, bring my wife hotly on
T'accuse me to the Duke (I have an end in't)
Or think what 'tis makes man most miserable,
And that shall fall upon thee. Thou wert a foole
To hope by being acquainted with my courses
To curb and awe me, or that I should live
Thy slave, as thou didst sawcily divine.
For prying in my councells, still live mine, *Ex. Fra.*

*Grac.* I am caught on both sides. This 'tis for a punie
In Policies *Protean* School to try conclusions
With one that hath commenced, and gone out Doctour.
If I discover what but now he bragg'd of,
I shall not be believ'd. If I fall off
From him, his threats and actions go together.
And there's no hope of safety, till I get
A plummet, that may sound his deepest counsells.
I must obey and serve him. Want of skill
Now makes me play the rogue against my will. *Ex. Grac.*

## Act. Quart. Scæn. Secund.

*Enter Marcelia, Tiberio, Stephano, Gentlewoman.*

*Marc.* Command me from his sight, and with such scorn
As he would rate his slave. *Tib.* 'Twas in his fury,

*Steph.* And he repents it Madam.

*Marc.* Was I born
T'observe his humours, or, because he dotes,
Must I run mad?

*Tib.* If that your Excellence
Would please but to receive a feeling knowledge
Of what he suffers, and how deep the least

Vnkindnesse

Vnkindneſſe wounds from you, you would excuſe
His haſty language.
*Steph.* He hath payd the forfeit
Of his offence, I'm ſure, with ſuch a ſorrow,
As, if it had been greater, would deſerve
A full remiſſion.
*Marc.* Why, perhaps he hath it,
And *I* ſtand more afflicted for his abſence,
Than he can be for mine: So pray you, tell him.
But till I have digeſted ſome ſad thoughts,
And reconcil'd paſſions that are at warre
Within my ſelf, I purpoſe to be private.
And have you care, unleſſe it be *Franciſco*,
That no man be admitted. *Tib.* How, *Franciſco!*
*Steph.* He that at every ſtage keeps liverie Miſtreſſes,
The Stallion of the State!
*Tib.* They are things above us,
And ſo no way concern us.
*Step.* If *I* were
The Duke (*I* freely muſt confeſſe my weakneſſe)
I ſhould weare yellow breeches. Here he comes. *Ent. F*
*Tib.* Nay ſpare your labour, Lady, we know our *exit*,
And quit the roome.
*Step.* Is this her privacie?
Though with the hazard of a check, perhaps,
This may go to the Duke.
*Marc.* Your face is full
Of feares and doubts. The reaſon?
*Franc.* Obeſt Madam,
They are not counterfeit. I your poore convert,
That only wiſh to live in ſad repentance,
To mourn my deſperate attempt of you,
That have no ends nor aimes, but that your goodneſſe
Might be a witneſſe of my penitence,
Which ſeen would teach you how to love your mercie,
Am robb'd of that laſt hope. The Duke, the Duke,
I more than feare, hath found that I am guilty.
*Marc.* By my unſpotted honour, not from me,
Nor have I with him chang'd one ſyllable,
Since his return, but what you heard,

*Franc.*

*Fran.* Yet, malice
Is Eagle-ey'd, and would ſee that which is not.
And jealouſie's too apt to build upon
Vnſure foundations. *Marc.* Iealouſie?
*Fran.* It takes.
*Marc.* Who dares but only think, I can be tainted?
But for him, though almoſt on certaine proof,
To give it hearing, not beliefe, deſerves
My hate for ever.
*Fran.* Whether grounded on
Your noble-yet chaſt favours ſhowne unto me,
Or her impriſonment, for her contempt
To you, by my command, my frantike wife
Hath put it in his head.
*Marc.* Have I then liv'd
So long, now to be doubted? Are my favours
The theams of her diſcourſe? Or what I do,
That never troad in a ſuſpected path,
Subject to baſe conſtruction? Be undanted,
For now, as of a creature that is mine,
I riſe up your Protectreſſe. All the grace
I hitherto have done you, was beſtowed
With a ſhut hand. It ſhall be now more free,
Open, and liberall. But let it not,
Though counterfeited to the life, teach you
To nouriſh ſaucy hopes.
*Fran.* May I be blaſted
When I prove ſuch a monſter.
*Marc.* I will ſtand then,
Between you, and all danger. He ſhall know,
Suſpition o're-turnes, what confidence builds;
And he that dares but doubt, when ther's no ground,
Is neither to himſelfe, nor others ſound. *Ex. Marc.*
*Fran.* So, let it work; her goodneſſe, that deny'd
My ſervice, branded with the name of Luſt,
Shall now deſtroy it ſelf. And ſhe ſhall finde,
When hee's a ſutor, that brings Cunning arm'd
With Power to be his Advocates, the deniall
Is a diſeaſe as killing as the plague,
And Chaſtity a clew, that leads to death.

Hold

Hold but thy nature, Duke, and be but raſh,
And violent enough, and then at leaſure
Repent. I care not.
And let my plots produce this long'd for birth
In my revenge I have my heaven on earth. *Ex. Fra.*

## Act. Quart. Scæn. Tert.

*Enter Sforza, Peſcara, three Gentlemen.*

*Peſc.* You promis'd to be merrie.
1. *Gentlem.* There are pleaſures,
And of all kinds to entertain the time.
2. *Gen.* Your excellence vouchſafing to make choice
Of that which beſt affects you.
*Sf.* Hold your prating.
Learne manners too, you are rude.
3. *Gentlem.* I have my anſwer.
Before I ask the queſtion.
*Peſc.* I muſt borrow
The priviledge of a friend and will, or elſe
I am, like theeſe, a ſeruant, or what's worſe,
A paraſite to the ſorrow, *Sforza* worſhips
In ſpite of reaſon.
*Sf.* Pray you uſe your freedome,
And ſo farre, if you pleaſe, allow me mine,
To heare you only, not to be compell'd
To take your morall potions. I am a man,
And though Philoſophy your Miſtris rage for't,
Now I have cauſe to grieve, I muſt be ſad,
And I dare ſhew it.
*Peſc.* Would it were beſtow'd
Vpon a worthier ſubject.
*Sf.* Take heed, friend.
You rub a ſore, whoſe pain will make me mad
And I ſhall then forget my ſelf and you.
Lance it no further.
*Peſc.* Have you ſtood the ſhock
Of thouſand enemies, and out-fac'd the anger
Of a great Emperour, that vow'd your ruine,
Though by a deſperate, a glorious way,
That had no Prendent? Are you return'd with honor,

Lov'd by your ſubjects? Does your fortune court you,
Or rather ſay, your courage does command it?
Have you giv'n proof to this houre of your life,
Proſperity (that ſearches the beſt temper
Could never puffe you up, nor adverſe fate
Deject your valour? Shall I ſay, theſe vertues,
So many and ſo various trialls of
Your conſtant mind, be buried in the frown
(To pleaſe you I will ſay ſo) of a faire woman?
Yet I have ſeen her equalls.

*Sf.* Good *Peſcara*,
This language in another were prophane,
In you it is unmannerly. er equall?
I tell you as a friend and tell you plainly
To all men elſe my ſword ſhould make reply)
Her goodneſſe does diſdain compariſon,
And but her ſelf admits no parallell.
But you will ſay ſhe's croſſe. 'tis fit ſhe ſhould be
When I am fooliſh, for ſhe's wiſe, *Peſcara*,
And knowes how farre ſhe may diſpoſe her bounties,
Her honour ſafe: or if ſhe were averſe,
'Twas a prevention of a greater ſin
Ready to fall upon me, for ſhe's not ignorant
But truly underſtands how much I love her,
And that her rare parts do deſerve all honour,
Her excellence increaſing with her yeares too,
I might have falne into idolatry,
And from the admiration of her worth,
Been taught to think there is no power above her,
And yet I do believe, had Angels ſexes,
The moſt would be ſuch women, and aſſume
No other ſhape, when they were to appeare
In their full glory.

*Peſc.* Well Sir, I'le not croſſe you,
Nor labour to diminiſh your eſteem
Hereafter of her, ſince your happineſſe
(As you will have it) has alone dependence
Vpon her favour, from my ſoule I wiſh you
A faire attonement. *Enter Tib & Steph.*

*Sf.* Time and my ſubmiſſion

May work her to it. O! you are well return'd,
Say, am I bleſt? hath ſhe vouchſaf'd to heare you?
Is there hope left that ſhe may be ap, eas'd?
Let her propound, and gladly I'le ſubſcribe
To her conditions.

*Tib* She Sir, yet is froward,
And deſires reſt, and ſome privacie.

*Steph.* She was harſh at firſt, but ere we parted, ſeem'd
Implacable.

*Sf.* Ther's comfort yet I'le ply her
Each houre with new Embaſſadors of more honors,
Titles and eminence. My ſecond ſelfe
*Franciſco*, ſhall ſollicit her.

*Step.* That a wiſe man,
And what is more a Prince, that may command,
Should ſue thus poorely, and treat with his wife,
As ſhe were a victorious enemy,
At whoſe proud feet, himſelf, his State, and Countrey,
Baſely beg'd mercie.

*Sf.* What is that you mutter?
I'le have thy thoughts.

*Step.* You ſhall, you are too fond,
And feed a pride that's ſwolne too big already,
And ſurfets with obſervance.

*Sf.* O my patience!
My vaſſall ſpeak thus?

*Step.* Let my head anſwer it,
If I offend She that you think a Saint,
I feare may play the Devill. *Peſe.* Well ſaid old fellow

*Step.* And he that hath ſo long ingroſs'd your favours,
Though to be nam'd with reverence. Lord *Franciſco*,
Who as you purpoſe ſhall ſollicit for you,
I think's too neare her.

*Peſe.* Hold Sir, this is madneſſe.

*Step.* It may be they conferre of winning Lordſhips,
I'm ſure he's private with her.

*Sf.* Let me go.
I ſcorn to touch him, he deſerves my pitty,
And not my anger, dotard, and to be one
Is thy protection, elſe thou durſt not think

That love to my *Marcelia* hath left room
In my full heart for any jealous thought,
That idle passion dwell with thick-skind tradesmen,
The undeserving Lord, or the unable,
Lock up thy own wise foole that must take physick
From her young Doctour upon her back,
Because thou hast the palsie in that part,
That makes her active; I could finde to think
What wretched things they are that dare be jealous:
Were I match'd to another *Messalina*
While I found merit in my self to please her,
I should beleeve her chast, and would not seek
To find out my own torment, but alas,
Enjoying one that but to me's a *Dian*,
I'm too secure.

*Tib.* This is a confidence *Enter Grac.*
Beyond example. *Isab. Mari.*

*Grac.* There he is, now speak,
Or be for ever silent.

*Sfo.* If you come
To bring me comfort, say that you have made
My peace with my *Marcelia*.

*Isab.* I had rather
Wait on you to your funerall.

*Sfor.* You are my Mother,
Or by her life you were dead else.

*Mari.* Would you were,
To your dishonour, and since dotage makes you
Wilfully blind, borrow of me my eyes,
Or some part of my spirit. Are you all flesh?
A limb of patience only? No fire in you?
But do your pleasure, here your mother was
Committed by your servant (for I scorn
To call him husband) and my self your sister,
If that you dare remember such a name,
Mew'd up to make the way open and free
For the adultresse. I am unwilling
To say a part of *Sforza*.

*Sf.* Take her head off,
She hath blasphem'd, and by our law must die.

*Isab.*

*Isab.* Blaſphem'd, for calling of a whore, a whore?
*Sf.* O hell, what do I ſuffer?
*Mari.* Or is it treaſon
For me that am a ſubject, to endeavour
To ſave the honour of the Duke, and that
He ſhould not be a wittall on record.
For by poſterity 'twill be believ'd
As certainly as now it can be prov'd,
*Franciſco* the great Minion that ſwaies all,
To meet the chaſt imbraces of the Dutches,
Hath leapt into her bed.
*Sf.* Some proof vile creature,
Or thou haſt ſpoke thy laſt.
*Mari.* The publike fame,
Their houre'ly private meetings, and even now
When under a pretence of grief or anger,
You are deny'd the joyes due to a husband,
And made a ſtranger to her, at all times
The doore ſtands open to him. To a Dutchman
This were enough, but to a right Italian
A hundred thouſand witneſſes.
*Isab.* Would you have us
To be her bawds?
*Sf.* O the malice
And envie of baſe women, that with horrour
Knowing their own defects and inward guilt,
Dare lie and ſweare, and damn for what's moſt falſe,
To caſt aſperſions upon one untainted,
Y'are in your natures devills, and your ends
Knowing your reputation ſunk for ever;
And not to be recover'd, to have all,
Weare your black livery. Wretches, you have rais'd
A monumentall Trophie to her pureneſſe,
In this your ſtudied purpoſe to deprave her,
And all the ſhot made by your foule detraction,
Falling upon her ſure-arm'd innocence,
Returns upon your ſelves, and if my love
Could ſuffer an addition, I'm ſo farre
From giving credit to you, this would teach me
More to admire and ſerve her, you are not worthy

To fall as sacrifices to appease her;
And therfore live till your own envie burst you.
*Isab.* All is in vain, he is not to be mov'd.
*Mart.* She has bewitch'd him.
*Pesc.* Tis so past belief,
To me it shewes a fable. *Ent. Franc. & servant.*
*Franc.* On thy life
Provide my horses, and without the Port
With care attend me. *Serv.* I shall my Lord. *Ex. ser.*
*Grac.* He's come.
What crack have we next?
*Fran.* Great Sir.
*Sf.* *Francisco*,
Though all the joyes in woman are fled from me,
In thee I do imbrace the full delight
That I can hope from man.
*Franc.* I would impart,
Please you to lend your eare, a weighty secret,
I am in labour to deliver to you.
*Sf.* All leave the room, excuse me good *Pescara*.
Ere long I will wait on you.
*Pesc.* You speak Sir,
The language I should use.
*Sf.* Be within call,
Perhaps We may have use of you. *Tib.* We shall Sir.
*Sf.* Say on my Comfort.
*Fran.* Comfort? No, your torment,
For so my fate appoints me, I could curse
The houre that gave me being.
*Sf.* What new monsters
Of miseries can I ready to devoure me?
Let them at once dispatch me.
*Fran.* Draw your sword then.
And as you wish your own peace, quickly kill me,
Consider not, but do it. *Sf.* Art thou mad?
*Fran.* Or if to take my life be too much mercie,
As death indeed concludes all humane sorrows,
Cut off my nose and eares, pull out an eye,
The other only left to lend me light,
To see my own deformities: Why was I born

Without

Without some mulct impos'd on me by nature?
Would from my youth a loathsome leprosie
Had run upon this face or that my breath
Had been infectious and so made me shun'd
Of all Societies: curs'd be he that taught me
Discourse or manners or lent any grace
That makes the owner pleasing in the eye
Of wanton women, since those parts which others
Value as blessings, are to me afflictions,
Such my condition is.

*Sfo.* I am on the rack,
Dissolve this doubtfull riddle.

*Franc.* That I alone
Of all mankind that stand most bound to love you,
And study your content, should be appointed,
Not by my will, but fore'd by cruell fate
To be your greatest enemy; not to hold you
In this amazement longer, in a word,
Your Dutches loves me. *Sfo.* Loves thee?

*Fran.* Is mad for me,
Pursues me hourely. *Sfo.* Oh!

*Fran.* And from hence grew
Her late neglect of you. *Sfo.* O women! women!

*Fran.* I labour'd to divert her by perswasion,
Then vrg'd your much love to her, and the danger;
Deny'd her and with scorn. *Sfo.* 'Twas like thy selfe.

*Fran.* But when I saw her smile, then heard her say,
Your love and extreame dotage, as a Cloake
Should cover our embraces, and your power
Fright others from suspition, and all favours
That should preserve her in her innocence,
By lust inverted to be vs'd as Bawdes,
I could not but in duty (though I know
That the Relation kills in you all hope
Of peace hereafter, and in me 'twill shew
Both base and poore to rise up her accuser)
Freely discover it.

*Sfo.* Eternall plagues
Pursue and overtake her, for her sake
To all posterity may she prove a Cuckold,

And

And like to me a thing ſo miſerable
As words may not expreſſe him, that gives truſt
To all deceiving women, or ſince it is
The will of heaven to preſerve mankind,
That we muſt know, and couple with theſe ſerpents,
No wiſe man ever taught by my example
Hereafter uſe his wife with more reſpect,
Than he would do his Horſe that does him ſervice,
Baſe woman being in her creation made
A ſlave to man: but like a village nurſe
Stand I now curſing, and conſidering, when
The tameſt foole would do? Within there, *Stephano*,
*Tiberio*, and the reſt, I will be ſuddain,
And ſhe ſhall know and feele, love in extremes
Abus'd knowes no degree of hate. *Ent, Tib. Step. Guard.*

*Tib.* My Lord.

*Sfor.* Go to the Chamber of that wicked woman.

*Step.* What wicked woman, Sir?

*Sf.* The devill my wife.
Force a rude entry, and if ſhe refuſe
To follow you, drag her hither by the haire,
And know no pitty, any gentle uſage
To her will call on cruelty from me
From ſuch as ſhew it. Stand you ſtaring! Go,
And put my will in act. *Step.* There's no diſputing.

*Tib.* But 'tis a tempeſt on the ſuddain rais'd,
Who durſt have dreamt of? *Ex. Tib. Step.*

*Sf.* Nay, ſince ſhe dares damnation,
I'le be a fury to her.

*Fran.* Yet great Sir,
Exceed not in your fury, ſhe's yet guilty
Only in her intent.

*Sf.* Intent *Franciſco?*
It does include all fact. and I might ſooner
Be won to pardon treaſon to my Crown,
Or one that kill'd my Father.

*Fran.* You are wiſe,
And know what's beſt to do, yet if you pleaſe
To prove her temper to the height, lay only
That I am dead, and then obſerve how farre

She'l be transported. I'le remove a little,
But be within your call: now to the upshot,
How e're I'le shift for one. *Ex. Fran.*

*Enter Tiberio, Stephano, Marcelia, Guard.*

*Marc.* Where is this Monster?
This walking tree of jealousie, this dreamer,
This horned beast that would be? O are you here Sir?
Is it by your commandment or allowance,
I am thus basely us'd? Which of my vertues,
My labours, services, and care to please you
(For to a man suspitious and unthankfull,
Without a blush I may be mine own trumpet)
Invites this barbarous course? Dare you look on me
Without a scale of Shame?

*Sf.* Impudence,
How ugly thou appear'st now? Thy intent
To be a whore leaves thee not bloud enough
To make an honest blush; what had the act done?

*Marc.* Return'd thee the dishonor thou deserv'st,
Though willingly I had given up my self
To every common letcher.

*Sf.* Your chief minion,
Your chosen favorite, your woo'd *Francisco*,
Has deerly pay'd for't, for wretch, know he's dead,
And by my hand.

*Marc.* The blondier villain thou,
But 'tis not to be wonder'd at, thy love
Do's know no other object thou hast kill'd then
A man, I do professe I lov'd, a man
For whom a thousand Queens might well be rivalls,
But he (I speak it to thy teeth) that dares be
A jealous foole, dares be a murtherer,
And knowes no end in mischief.

*Sf.* I begin now *stabs her.*
In this my justice.

*Marc.* O, I have fool'd my selfe
Into my grave, and only grieve for that,
Which when you know, you have slain an innocent,
You needs must suffer.

*Sf.* An innocent? Let one

Call in *Francisco*, for he lives (vile creature) *Ex. Step.*
To justifie thy falshood, and how often
With whor sh flatteries thou hast tempted him,
I being only fit to live a stale;
A bawd and property to your wantonnesse. *Ent. Step.*
*Step.* Signior *Francisco* Sir, but even now
Took horse without the Ports.
*Marc.* We are both abus'd,
And both by him undone; stay death a little,
Till I have cleer'd my self unto my Lord, and then
I willingly obey thee. O my *Sforza*,
*Francisco* was not tempted, but the tempter,
And as he thought to win me, shew'd the warrant
That you sign'd for my death.
*Sf.* Then I beleeve thee,
Beleeve thee innocent too.
*Marc.* But being contemn'd,
Vpon his knees with teares he did beseech me;
Not to reveale it, I soft-hearted foole,
judging his penitence true, was won unto it.
Indeed th'unkindnesse to be sentenc'd by you,
Before that I was guilty in a thought,
Made me put on a seeming anger tow'rds you,
And now behold the issue, as I do,
May heaven forgive you. *dies.*
*Tib.* Her sweet soule has left
Her beautious prison.
*Step.* Look to the Duke, he stands,
As if he wanted motion.
*Tib.* Grief hath stopt
The organ of his speech.
*Step.* Take up his body,
And call for his Physitians.
*Sfor.* O my heart-strings.

## Act. Quint. Scæ. Quint.

*Enter Francisco, Eugenia.*

*Fran.* Why couldst thou think *Eugenia*, that rewards,
Graces, or favours though strew'd thick upon me,

Could

Could ever bribe me to forget mine honour?
Or that I tamely would ſit down, before
I had dry'd theſe eyes, ſtill wet with ſhowrs of tears,
By the fire of my revenge? Look up my deareſt,
For that proud-faire, that thief-like ſtepp'd between
Thy promis'd hopes, and robb'd thee of a fortune
Almoſt in thy poſſeſſion, hath found
With horrid proof, his love ſhe thought her glory,
And aſſurance of all happineſſe,
But haſt'ned her ſad ruine.

*Eug.* Do not flatter
A grief that is beneath it, for how ever
The credulous Duke to me prov'd falſe and cruell,
It is impoſſible he could be wrought
To look on her, but with the eyes of dotage,
And ſo to ſerve her.

*Fran.* Such indeed I grant
The ſtream of his affection was, and ran
A conſtant courſe, till *I* with cunning malice
(And yet I wrong my act, for it was juſtice)
Made it turn backwards, and hate in extremes,
Love baniſh'd from his heart, to fill the roome,
In a word, know the faire *Marcelia's* dead. *Eug.* Dead!

*Fran.* And by *Sforza's* hand; Do's it not move you?
How coldly you receive it? I expected
The meere relation of ſo great a bleſſing
Borne proudly on the wings of ſweet revenge,
Would have call'd on a ſacrifice of thanks,
And joy not to be bounded or conceal'd!
You entertain it with a look, as if
You wiſh'd it were undone!

*Eug.* Indeed I do,
For if my ſorrowes could receive addition,
Her ſad fate would encreaſe, not leſſen 'em.
She never injur'd me, but entertain'd
A fortune humbly offer'd to her hand,
Which a wiſe Lady gladly would have kneel'd for.
Vnleſſe you would impute it as a crime,
She was more faire than I, and had diſcretion
Not to deliver up her virgin fort

(Though ſtraight beſieg'd with flatteries, vowes, and teares)
Vntill the Church had made it ſafe and lawfull.
And had I been the miſtris of her judgement,
And conſtant temper, skilfull in the knowledge
Of mans malitious falſhood, I had never
Vpon his hell-deep oaths to marry me,
Given up my faire name, and my maiden honour
To his foule luſt, nor liv'd now being branded
In the forhead for his whore, the ſcorn and ſhame
Of all good women.

*Fran.* Have you then no gall,
Anger or ſpleen familiar to your ſexe?
Or is it poſſible that you could ſee
Another to poſſeſſe what was your due,
And not grow pale with envie?

*Eug.* Yes of him
That did deceive me. There's no paſſion that
A maid ſo injur'd ever could partake of,
But I have deerely ſuffer'd. Theſe three years
In my deſire, and labour of revenge,
Truſted to you, I have indur'd the throes
Of teeming women, and will hazard all
Fate can inflict on me, but I will reach
Thy heart falſe *Sforza*. You have trifled with me,
And not proceeded with that fiery zeale
I look'd for from a brother of your ſpirit.
Sorrow forſake me, and all ſignes of grief
Farewell for ever; Vengeance arm'd with fury
Poſſeſſe me wholly now.

*Fran.* The reaſon Siſter
Of this ſtrange metamorphoſis?

*Eug.* Ask thy feares,
Thy baſe unmanly feares, thy poore delaies,
Thy dull forgetfulneſſe equall with death,
My wrong elſe, and the ſcandall which can never
Be waſh'd off from our houſe, but in his blood,
Would have ſtirr'd up a coward to a deed,
In which, though he had falne, the brave intent
Had crown'd it ſelf with a faire monument
Of noble reſolution. In this ſhape

I hope

I hope to get acceſſe, and then with ſhame,
Hearing my ſuddain execution, judge
What honour thou haſt loſt in being tranſcended
By a weak woman.

*Franc.* Still mine own, and dearer,
And yet in this you but poure oile on fire,
And offer your aſsiſtance where it needs not.
And that you may perceive I lay not fallow,
But had your wrongs ſtampt deeply on my heart,
By the iron pen of Vengeance, I attempted
By whoring her to cuckold him; that failing,
I did begin his tragedy in her death,
To which it ſerv'd as prologue, and will make
A memorable ſtory of your fortunes
In my aſſur'd revenge, only beſt ſiſter
Let us not loſe our ſelves in the performance,
By your raſh undertaking, we will be
As ſuddain as you could wiſh.

*Eug.* Vpon thoſe termes
I yield my ſelf and cauſe to be diſpos'd of
As you think fit. *Ent ſervant.*

*Fran.* Thy purpoſe?

*Ser.* Ther's one *Graccho*,
That follow'd you it ſeems upon the tract,
Since you left *Millain*, that's importunate
To have acceſſe, and will not be deny'd,
His haſt he ſaies concerns you.

*Franc.* Bring him to me, *Ex. ſervant.*
Though he hath laid an ambuſh for my life,
Or apprehenſion, yet I will prevent him,
And work mine own ends out. *Ent. Grac.*

*Grac.* Now for my whipping,
And if I now out-ſtrip him not, and catch him,
And by a new and ſtrange way too, hereafter
I'le ſweare there are worms in my brains.

*Fran.* Now, my good *Graccho*,
We meet as 'twere by miracle.

*Grac.* Love, and duty,
And vigilance in me for my Lords ſafety,
Firſt taught me to imagine you were here,

And then to follow you. All's come forth my Lord
That you could wish conceal'd: The Dutches wound
In the Dukes rage put home, yet gave her leave
To acquaint him with your practices, which your flight
Did easily confirm.

*Franc.* This *I* expected,
But sure you come provided of good counsell
To help in my extremes. *Grac.* I would not hurt you.

*Fran.* How? hurt me? Such another word's thy death.
Why dar'st thou think it can fall in thy will,
T'outlive what I determine?

*Grac.* How he awes me?

*Fran.* Be brief. what brought thee hither?

*Grac.* Care to inform you,
You are a condemn'd man, pursu'd and sought for,
And your head rated at ten thousand Ducats
To him that brings it. *Fran.* Very good.

*Grac.* All passages
Are intercepted, and choice troops of horse
Scoure o're the neighbour plains, your picture sent
To every State confederate with *Millain*,
That though I grieve to speak it, in my judgement
So thick your dangers meet, and run upon you,
It is impossible you should escape
Their curious search.

*Eug.* Why then let us turn *Romanes*,
And falling by our own hands, mock their threats,
And dreadfull preparations.

*Fran.* 'Twould show nobly,
But that the honour of our full revenge
Were lost in the rash action: No *Eugenia*,
*Gracco* is wise, my friend too, not my servant,
And I dare trust him with my latest secret.
We would (and thou must help us to perform it)
First kill the Duke, then fall what can upon us,
For injuries are writ in brasse, kind *Graccho*,
And not to be forgotten.

*Grac.* He instructs me
What *I* should do. *Fran.* What's that?

*Grac.* I labour with

A ſtrong deſire t'aſſiſt you with my ſervice.
And now I am deliver'd of't.
*Fran.* I told you.
Speak my oraculous *Gracche*,
*Grac.* I have heard Sir
Of men in debt that layd for by their Creditors,
(In all ſuch places where it could be thought
They would take ſhelter) choſe for ſanctuary,
Their lodgings underneath their Creditors noſes,
Or neere that priſon to which they were deſign'd
If apprehended confident that there
They never ſhould be ſought for.
*Eng.* 'Tis a ſtrange one!
*Fran.* But what inferre you from it?
*Grac.* This my Lord,
That ſince all wayes of your eſcape are ſtopt,
In *Millaine* onely, or what's more, i'th Court
(Whither it is preſum'd you dare not come)
Conceal'd in ſome diſguiſe you may live ſafe.
*Fran.* And not to be diſcover'd?
*Grac.* But by my ſelfe.
*Fran.* By thee? Alas. I know thee honeſt *Gracche*,
And I will put thy counſell into act,
And ſuddenly. Yet not to be ungratefull
For all thy loving travell to preſerve me,
What bloody end ſo ere my ſtarrs appoint,
Thou ſhalt be ſafe good *Gracche*. Who's within there?
*Grac.* What means he? *Enter ſervants.*
*Fran.* Take my friend
Into your cuſtody, and bind him faſt,
I would not part with him.
*Grac.* My good Lord.
*Fran.* Diſpatch,
'Tis for your good to keep you honeſt *Gracche*,
I would not have ten thouſand Ducates tempt you
(Being of a ſoft and Wax like diſpoſition)
To play the traytor, nor a fooliſh itch
To be reveng'd for your late excellent whipping
Give you the opportunity to offer
My head for ſatisfaction. Why thou fool,

I can look through and through thee, thy intents
Appeare to me as written in thy forehead
In plaine and easie Characters. And but that
I scorne a slaves base blood should rust that sword
That from a Prince expects a scarlet dye,
Thou now wert dead, but live only to pray
For good successe to crowne my undertakings,
And then at my returne perhaps i'le free thee *Ex. servants*
To make me further sport. Away with him, *with Gracche*
I will not heare a syllable. We must trust
Our selves *Eugenia*, and though we make use of
The counsell of our servants, that oyle spent,
Like snuffs that do offend we tread them out.
But now to our last Scæne, which weele so carry,
That few shall understand how 'twas begun,
Till all with halfe an eye may see 'tis done. *Exeunt.*

## Act. Quint. Scæn. Secund.

*Enter Pescara, Tiberio, Stephano.*

*Pesc.* The like was never heard of.

*Step.* In my judgement
To all that shall but heare it, 'twill appeare
A most impossible fable.

*Tib.* For *Francisco*,
My wonder is the lesse, because there are
Too many presidents of unthankfull men
Rais'd up to greatnesse, which have after studied
The ruine of their makers.

*Step.* But that melancholly,
Though ending in distraction, should worke
So farre upon a man, as to compell him
To court a thing that has nor sence, nor being,
Is unto me a miracle.

*Pesc.* 'Troth I'le tell you,
And briefly as I can, by what degrees
He fell into this madnesse; When by the care
Of his Phisitians he was brought to life,
As he had onely past a fearefull dream,
And had not acted what I grieve to thinke on,
He call'd for faire *Marcelia*, and being told

That

That ſhe was dead, he broke forth in extremes,
(I would not ſay blaſphem'd) and cry'd that heaven
For all th'offences that mankind could do,
Would never be ſo cruell as to rob it
Of ſo much ſweetneſſe, and of ſo much goodneſſe,
That not alone was ſacred in her ſelf,
But did preſerve all others innocent
That had but converſe with her: Then it came
Into his fancie that ſhe was accus'd
By his mother and his ſiſter, thrice he curs'd 'em,
And thrice his deſperate hand was on his ſword
T'have kill'd 'em both, but he reſtrain'd, and they
Shunning his fury, ſpite of all prevention
He would have turn'd his rage upon himſelf,
When wiſely his Phyſitians looking on
The Dutches wound, to ſtay his ready hand,
Cry'd out it was not mortall.

*Tib.* 'Twas well thought on.

*Peſc.* He eaſily beleeving what he wiſh'd,
More than a perpetuity of pleaſure
In any object elſe, flatter'd by hope,
Forgetting his own greatneſſe, he fell proſtrate
At the doctors feet, implor'd their ayd, and ſwore,
Provided they recover'd her, he would live
A private man, and they ſhould ſhare his Dukedom.
They ſeem'd to promiſe faire, and every houre
Varie their judgements as they find his fit
To ſuffer intermiſsion, or extremes.
For his behaviour ſince ——

*Sfo.* As you have pity *within.*
Support her gently.

*Peſc.* Now be your own witneſſes,
I am prevented.

*Enter Sforza, Iſabella, Mariana, the body of Marcelia, Doctors, Servants.*

*Sf.* Carefully I beſeech you,
The leaſt touch torments her, and then think
What I ſhall ſuffer. O you earthy gods,
You ſecond natures, that from your great maſter,
(Who joyn'd the limbs of torn *Hyppolitus*,

And drew upon himſelf the Thunderers envie)
Are taught thoſe hidden ſecrets that reſtore
To life dead wounded men: You have a patient,
On whom t'expreſſe the excellence of art
Will bind even heaven your debtor, though it pleaſes
To make your hands the organs of a work
The Saints will ſmile to look on, and good Angels
Clap their Celeſtiall wings to give it plaudits.
How pale and wan ſhe looks? O pardon me,
That I preſume dy'd o're with bloudy guilt,
Which makes me, I confeſſe, far, far unworthy
To touch this ſnow-white hand. How cold it is?
This once was *Cupids* fire-brand, and ſtill
Tis ſo to me. How ſlow her pulſes beat too?
Yet in this temper ſhe is all perfection,
And Miſtris of a heat ſo full of ſweetneſſe,
The blood of virgins in their pride of youth
Are balls of ſnow or ice compar'd unto her.

*Mari.* Is not this ſtrange?

*Iſab.* O croſſe him not deare daughter,
Our conſcience tells us we have been abus'd,
Wrought to accuſe the innocent, and with him
Are guilty of a fact ---- *Enter a ſervant.*

*Mari.* Tis now paſt help.

*Peſc.* With me? What is he?

*Ser.* He has a ſtrange aſpect,
A Iew by birth, and a Phyſitian
By his profeſſion as he ſaies, who hearing
Of the Dukes phrenſie, on the forfeit of
His life will undertake to render him
Perfect in every part: Provided that
Your Lordſhips favour gain him free acceſſe,
And your power with the Duke a ſafe protection,
Till the great work be ended.

*Peſc.* Bring me to him,
As I find cauſe I'le do. *Exe. Peſc. & ſer.*

*Sf.* How ſound ſhe ſleeps?
Heaven keep her from a lethargie; how long
(But anſwer me with comfort I beſeech you)
Do's your ſure judgement tell you that theſe fits,

That

That cover richer jewells than themſelves,
Like envious night will bar theſe glorious Sunnes
From ſhining on me?

1. *Doct.* We have given her Sir,
A ſleepy potion that will hold her long,
That ſhe may be leſſe ſenſible of the torment,
The ſearching of her wound will put her to.

2. *Doct.* She now feels little, but if we ſhould wake her,
To heare her ſpeak would fright both us and you,
And therfore dare not haſten it.

*Sfo.* I am patient,
You ſee I do not rage, but wait your pleaſure.
What do you think ſhe dreams of now? for ſure,
Although her bodies organs are bound faſt,
Her fancie cannot ſlumber.

2. *Doct.* That Sir, looks on
Your ſorrow for your late raſh act with pity
Of what you ſuffer for it, and prepares
To meet with free confeſſion of your guilt
With a glad pardon.

*Sfor.* She was ever kind,
And her diſpleaſure, though call'd on, ſhort liv'd
Vpon the leaſt ſubmiſſion. O you powers
That can convey our thoughts to one another,
Without the end of eyes, or eares, aſſiſt me,
Let her behold me in a pleaſing dream,
Thus on my knees before her (yet that duty
In me is not ſufficient) let her ſee me
Compell my mother (from whom I took life)
And this my ſiſter, partner of my being,
To bow thus low unto her, let her heare us
In my acknowledgement freely confeſſe
That we in a degree as high are guilty,
As ſhe is innocent; Bite your tongues vile creatures,
And let your inward horrour fright your ſoules
For having bely'd that pureneſs, to come neere which,
All women that poſterity can bring forth
Muſt be, though ſtriving to be good, poore Rivalls.
And for that dog *Franciſco* (that ſeduc'd me
In wounding her to raiſe a Temple built

To Chaſtity and ſweetneſſe) let her know
I'le follow him to hell but I will finde him,
And there live a fourth Fury to torment him.
Then for this curſed hand and arme that gu ded
The wicked Steele, I'le have them joynt by joynt
With burning irons ſear'd off, which I will eat,
I being a Vulture fit to taſte ſuch carrion,
Laſtly,

1 *D &.* You are too loud, Sir, you diſturbe
Her ſweet repoſe.

*Sfor.* I am huſh'd, yet give us leave
Thus proſtrate at her feet, our eyes bent downwards,
Vnworthy, and aſham'd to look upon her,
T'expect her gracious ſentence.

2 *Doct.* Hee's paſt hope.

1 *Doct.* The body too, will putrifie, and then
We can no longer cover the impoſture.

*Tib.* Which in his death will quickly be diſcover'd,
I can but weep his fortune.

*Step.* Yet be carefull
You looſe no minute to preſerve him; time
May leſſen his diſtraction. *Ent Peſc. Franciſ. Eugenia.*

*Fran.* I am no God ſir,
To give a new life to her, yet I'le hazard
My head, I'le worke the ſenceleſſe trunk t'appeare
To him as it had got a ſecond being,
Or that the ſoul that's fled from't were call'd back
To governe it againe; I will preſerve it
In the firſt ſweetneſſe, and by a ſtrange vapour
Which I'le infuſe into her mouth, create
A ſeeming breath; I'le make her vaines run high too,
As if they had true motion.

*Peſc.* Doe but this,
Till we uſe means to win upon his paſſions
T'indure to heare ſhe's dead, with ſome ſmall patience,
And make thy owne reward.

*Fran.* The Art I uſe
Admits no looker on, I onely aske
The fourth part of an houre to perfect that
I boldly undertake.

*Peſc.*

*Pef.* I will procure it.
2 *D. H.* What ſtranger's this?
*Pef.* Soothe me in all I ſay,
There is a maine end in't.
*Fran.* Be ware.
*Eug.* I am warn'd.
*Pef.* Look up Sir cheerfully, comfort in me
Flow s ſtrongly to you.
*Sfor.* From whence came that ſound?
Was it from my *Marcelia*? if it were
I riſe, and joy will give me wings to meet it.
*Pef.* Nor ſhall your expectation be defer'd
But a few minutes, your Phyſitians are
Meere voyce, and no performance, I have found
A man that can do wonders; do not hinder
The Dutches wiſht recovery to enquire,
Or what he is or to give thanks; but leave him
To worke this miracle.
*Sfo.* Sure, 'tis my good Angel,
I do obey in all things; be it death
For any to diſturbe him, or come neer
Till he be pleas'd to call us, ô be proſperous
And make a Duke thy Bondman. *Ex. all but Frane. and Eugenia.*
*Fran.* Tis my purpoſe
If that to fall a long wiſht ſacrifice
To my revenge can be a benefit.
I'le firſt make faſt the doores, ſo.
*Eug.* You amaze me,
What follows now?
*Fran.* A full concluſion
Of all thy wiſhes; look on this, *Eugenia*,
Even ſuch a thing, the proudeſt faire on earth
(For whoſe delight the elements are ranſackt,
And Art with Nature ſtudies to preſerve her)
Muſt be when ſhe is ſummond to appeare
In the Court of death, but I looſe time.
*Eug.* What meane you?
*Fran.* Diſturbe me not; Your Ladiſhip looks pale,
But I, your Doctor, have a ceruſe for you,
See my *Eugenia*, how many faces

That

That are ador'd in Court borrow these helps,
And passe for excellence, when the better part
Of them are like to this, your mouth smells sowre too,
But there is that shall take away the sent,
A precious antidote old Ladies use
When they would kisse, knowing their gums are rotten:
These hands too that disdain'd to take a touch
From any lip, whose honour writ not Lord,
Are now but as the coursest earth, but I,
Am at the charge, my bill not to be paid too,
To give them seeming beauty: so 'tis done:
How do you like my workmanship?

*Eug.* I tremble,
And thus to tyrannize upon the dead
Is most inhumane.

*Franc.* Come we for revenge,
An 'can we think on pity? Now to the upshot,
And as it proves applavd it. My Lord the Duke
Enter with joy, and see the suddain change
Your servants hand hath wrought. *Ent. Sforza and the rest.*

*Sf.* I live again
In my full confidence that *Marcelia* may
Pronounce my pardon. Can she speak yet?

*Franc.* No,
You must not look for all your joyes at once,
That will ask longer time.

*Pesc.* Tis wondrous strange!

*Sf.* By all the dues of love I have had from her,
This hand seems as it was when first I kist it,
These lips invite too, I could ever feed
Vpon these roses, they still keep their colour,
And native sweetnesse, only the Nectars wanting,
That like the morning dew in flowrie May
Preserv'd them in their beauty. *Ent. Graccho.*

*Grac.* Treason, treason.

*Tib.* Call up the Guard.

*Fran. Graccho!* then we are lost.

*Grac.* I am got off, Sir Iew, a bribe hath done it.
For all your serious charge; there's no disguise can keep
You from my knowledge.

*Sfor.*

*Sfor.* Speak.
*Grac.* I am out of breath,
But this is ------
*Sf.* Spare your labour foole, *Franciſco.*
*All.* Monſter of men.
*Fran.* Give me all attributes
Of all you can imagine, yet I glory
To be the thing I was born, I am *Franciſco,*
*Franciſco* that was rais'd by you,
And made the Minion of the time,
The ſame *Franciſco*
That would have whor'd this trunk when it had life,
And after breath'd a jealouſie upon thee
As killing as thoſe damps that belch out plagues,
When the foundation of the earth is ſhaken;
I made thee do a deed heaven will not pardon.
Which was to kill an innocent.
*Sfor.* Call forth the tortures,
For all that fleſh can feele.
*Fran.* I dare the worſt,
Only to yeild ſome reaſon to the world
Why I purſu'd this courſe, look on this face,
Made old by thy baſe falſhood, 'tis *Eugenia.*
*Sf. Eugenia!*
*Franc.* Do's it ſtart you Sir? my Sifter,
Seduc'd and fool'd by thee, but thou muſt pay
The ſefeit of thy falſhood, do's it not work yet?
What e're becomes of me (which I eſteem not)
Thou art mark'd for the grave, I have given thee poyſon
In this cup, now obſerve me, with thy laſt
Carowſing deeply of, made thee forget
Thy vow'd faith to *Eugenia.*
*Peſc.* O damn'd villain!
*Iſab.* How do you Sir?
*Sfo.* Like one,
That learnes to know in death what puniſhment
Waits on the breach of faith, O now I feele
An *Ætna* in my entrails, I have liv'd
A Prince, and my laſt breath ſhall be command.
I burn, I burn, yet ere life be conſum'd.

Let me pronounce upon this wretch all torture
That witty cruelty can invent.
*Pesc.* Away with him.
*Tib.* In all things we will serve you.
*Fran.* Farwell sister,
Now I have kept my word, torments I scorn,
I leave the world with glory; they are men,
And leave behind them name and memorie,
That wrong'd do right themselves before they die.
*Ste.* A desperate wretch. *Exit Guard with Fran.*
*Sf.* I come death, I obey thee,
Yet I will not die raging, for alas,
My whole life was a phrensie. Good *Eugenia*
In death forgive me: as you love me bear her
To some religious house, there let her spend
The remnant of her life, when I am ashes,
Perhaps she'l be appeas'd, and spare a prayer
For my poore soule. Bury me with *Marcella*,
And let our Epitaph be ——
*Tib.* His speech is stopp'd.
*Ste.* Already dead.
*Pesc.* It is in vain to labour
To call him back, wee'l give him funerall,
And then determine of the State affaires.
And learn from this example, there's no trust
In a foundation that is built on lust. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.